How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay he was out-run on Cotſdale.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

UPON this paſſage Mr. Warton hath the following note.—It is in the edition publiſhed by Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens. "Cotſwold is a village in Worceſterſhire, or Warwickſhire, and was famous for rural exerciſes and ſports of all ſorts. (In another place, ſays the annotator) Shakeſpeare makes Shallow talk of a ſtout fellow, a Coſwold man, that is, one who was a native of this very place, ſo famous for men of ſtrength and activity. Mr. Warton hath ſeen a collection of poems, called the Coſwold Muſe, containing a deſcription of the games exhibited there."

Mr. Warton will pardon me, if I take the liberty, in the firſt place to obſerve, that there is no ſuch village as he hath mentioned, either in Worceſterſhire, or Warwickſhire, or in Glouceſterſhire, in which laſt county, the vaſt range of hills, called the Cotſwold, lies. It extends from Cirenceſter to Campden, about ſeven miles from Stratford upon Avon, and Stow, a market-town about the mid-way, and ſtanding upon elevated ground, is called Stow in the Wold, to which place alone the term is particularly appropriated. The games, mentioned by Mr. Warton, were celebrated on a part of the Cotſale or Cotſwold, near Campden in Glouceſterſhire. The whole country reſorted to them, and various feats of ſtrength and activity were exhibited during the week of their continuance. Many courſing matches were made by the gentlemen. Captain Robert Dover, of Bourton on the Heath, had, for forty years, the direction of them. He had King James's permiſſion for the annual celebration of them, and uſed to appear in the cloaths which that King had formerly worn, and it is ſaid, with much more dignity in his air and aſpect. The dreſs was a gift from Endymion Porter. There is a print of him, in his royal dreſs, on horſeback, preſiding at the games, prefixed to the book of poems, which is a thin quarto, containing about ſixty pages, with this title, "*Annalia Dubrenſia*, upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotſwold Hills. London, 1636." The poems were written by Ben Jonſon, Drayton, Marlow, and other celebrated poets of that age. D.

ANNALIA DVBRENSIA.

Vpon the yeerely celebration of Mr. ROBERT DOVERS Olimpick Games vpon *Cotswold-Hills*.

Written by

MICHAELL DRAYTON. Esq.
IOHN TRVSSELL. Gent.
WILLIAM DVRHAM. Oxon,
WILLIAM DENNY Esq.
THOMAS RANDALL. Cant.
BEN: IOHNSON.
IOHN DOVER. Gent.
OWEN FELTHAM. Gent.
FRANCIS IZOD. Gent.
NICHOLAS WALLINGTON. Ox.
IOHN BALLARD. Oxon.
TIMOTHY OGLE. Gent.
WILLIAM AMBROSE. Oxon.
WILLIAM BELLAS. Gent.
THOMAS COLE. Oxon.
WILLIAM BASSE. Gent.
CAPTAINE MENESE

IOHN TRVSSELL. Gent.
WILLIAM COLE. Gent.
FERRIMAN RVTTER. Oxon.
IOHN STRATFORD. Gent.
THOMAS SANFORD. Gent.
ROBERT GRIFFIN. Gent.
IOHN COLE. Gent.
ROBERT DVRHAM. Oxon.
A SIRINX Oxon
IOHN MONSON. Esq.
WALTON POOLE. Gent.
RICHARD WELLS. Oxon.
WILLIAM FORTH. Esq.
SHACK: MARMYON. Gent.
R N.
THOMAS HEYWOOD. Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Mathewe Walbancke*. 1636.

To my worthy Friend Mr. Robert Dover.

Worthy Sir,

IF amongſt ſo many noble Poetts I preſume to play the Orator, blame me not, The incitements promting mee thereto, in any competent and indifferent Iudgment being excuſable: Firſt that their flying papers came ſo opportunely to my hand, which having conſiderately peruſed (non obſtante Dubrenſi patrono) I thought worthy to bee publiſhed. Next ſince your owne modeſtie ſeemed ſomwhat adverſe, to have thoſe your deſerved Encomions Impreſt, which in the hearts of all your Countrey-men, and others have tooke ſuch deepe Impreſſion: I held it more expedient to hazard the frowne of one by boldneſſe, then the diſcontents of many by a timerous negligence. Laſtly ſince thoſe Quinquenalia, or Olimpick Games (celebrated every Fift yeere onely) begun by Hercules, and for many ſucceeding ages continued, by all the Semones, Heroes, and prime Princes of Greece, are now utterly abandoned, and their memorie almoſt extinguiſh't. Since you, to whom I may not unpropperly give the denomination of an Hero of this our Age; Have in theſe your Famous Annalia, or

yeerely Celebrations, not onely revived the memory of the Former; But adorned theſe your Cotſwald Hills *with ſuch Ovations and Triumphs, as may continue their memorie to all poſteritie. (Firſt craving your pardon) I commend my ſelfe to you for the preſent: And your Name (thus decored by your Friends) to Perpetuitie.*

Yours alwayes,

Mat. Walbancke.

Dr. *Dover* thought it his Duty to perpetuate the Memory of that Good Man his Grandfather.

TO

COTSWOLD GAMES.

CUSTOMS LAWS

TO MY NOBLE
Friend Mr. ROBERT
DOVER, on his brave annuall *Assemblies* vpon *Cotswold.*

DOVER, to doe thee Right, who will not striue,
That dost in these dull yron Times revive
The golden Ages glories; which poore Wee
Had not so much as dream't on but for Thee?
As those brave *Grecians* in their happy dayes,
On Mount Olympus to their *Hercules*
Ordain'd their games Olimpick, and so nam'd
Of that great Mountaine; for those pastimes fam'd:
Where then their able Youth, Leapt, Wrestled, Ran,
Threw the arm'd *Dart*; and honour'd was the *Man*
That was the Victor; In the Circute there
The nimble Rider, and skil'd Chariotere
Strove for the Garland; In those noble Times
There to their Harpes the Poets sang their Rimes;
That whilst *Greece* flourisht, and was onely then
Nurse of all Arts, and of all famous men:
Numbring their yeers, still their accounts they made,
Either from this or that *Olimpiade.*
So *Dover*, from these *Games*, by thee begun,
Wee'l reckon Ours, as time away doth run.

Cotſwold Games.

Wee'l have thy Statue in ſome Rocke cut out,
With brave Inſcriptions garniſhed about;
And vnder written, *Loe, this was the man,*
DOVER, *that firſt theſe noble Sports began.*
Ladds of the Hills, and Laſſes of the Vale,
In many a Song, and many a merry Tale
Shall mention Thee; and having leave to play,
Vnto thy name ſhall make a Holy day.
The *Cotſwold* Shepheards as their flocks they keepe,
To put off lazie drowſineſſe and ſleepe,
Shall ſit to tell, and heare thy Story tould,
That night ſhall come ere they their flocks can fould.

Michaell Drayton.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR.
Robert Dover, on his annuall Aſſemblies upon *Cotſwold.*

ONCE did I Vow, but who can all Vowes keepe?
That my dull Muſe eternally ſhould ſleepe,
But now awaked, with the generall Fame;
Of the reviſement of the *Olimpicke game*
Acted at *Cotſwold.* She adventreth thus
To pipe a note to *Dovers, Genious.*
Fame is the life of *Action*; for Report
Makes good, or bad, each Action, every Sport:
The Roman *Lupercalia*, well intended,
At firſt were well applauded, more commended;
But when that *Fame* ſaid, *Iudgements* better eye
Found, that the Gapp was made to *libertie*,

Thereby

Thereby to open, they were left, The merriment
Of *Chriſtmas*, Lords of *Miſrule*, (Fame ſaith) ſpent
At thoſe times more in *Hoſpitalitie*,
Then well conduced to *Frugalitie*;
Now practiſ'd in this carefull thriving age,
In which a Coach, a Foote-boy and a Page,
Make up a great mans Check-rowle, is caſheer'd:
The countrie Wakes, and whirlings have appeer'd
Of late, like forraine paſtimes: *Carnivalls*,
Palme and *Ruſh-bearing*, harmeleſſe *Whitſon-ales*,
Running at *Quintain*, *May-games*, generall Playes,
By ſome more nice, than wiſe, of latter dayes,
Have in their Standings, Lectures, Excerciſes,
Beene ſo reprov'd, traduc'd, condemn'd for vices
Profane, and heatheniſh, that now few dare
Set them a foote; The Hocktide paſtimes, are
Declin'd, if not deſerted; ſo that now
All Publike merriments, I know not how,
Are queſtion'd for their lawfulneſſe; whereby
Societie grew ſicke; was like to die.
And had not Ioviall *DOVER* well invented
A meanes whereby to have the ſame prevented,
Love, Feaſts, and friendly intercourſe had perriſhed,
Which now, are kept alive by him, and cheriſhed.
Goe on Brave Sparke, and flie a pitch above
The vulgar apprehenſion; let thy Love
To honeſt civill mirth, and Active Sport
Tranſcend compariſon, make both Towne and Court
Admire thy invention, and applaud thy worke;
And let him like a Iew, and heathen Turke,
Be banniſh'd good Societie, that denies
To ſecond thee in thy faire Enterpriſe.

And while, that ſheepe have woole, or Sheepheards ſheepe,
Fame ſhall thine Actions in remembrance keepe:
And after thou art dead, all *England* Over,
From Weſterne *Totnes*, unto *Kentiſh Dover*,
Well-minded-jovialiſts ſhall tell the ſtorie
Of *ROBERT DOVER'S* never-dying Glorie,
By whoſe ſole induſtry; a Second Birth
Is given to honeſt Paſtime, harmleſſe Mirth.

Iohn Truſſell.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND Mr.
Robert Dover, on his Dauncing Aſſembly
vpon *Cotſwold.*

TRVDGE hence, yee tender Flocks, ſome gloomy Grove
Muſt be this dayes refreſhment, now remove
Your ſelves ye muſt; your walkes muſt be reſign'd
Vnto a matchles troope of *Female* kinde
Whoſe beauty, ſhould the *Flat-noſe Satyres* spie
They would not live, but languiſh, and ſo die.
Troy's lofty Towers, which once ore-topt the Clouds,
And menac'd heaven. *Hellens* beauty ſhrouds
In Cinders; for his tender *Heroes* ſake
Leander cutts the *Helles-ponticke* Lake.
Yet thoſe to theſe, were tawny, ryvel'd, dum,
Such as a glymiring *Taper* to the *Sun.*
This *Turret* ſwells (mee thinkes) as prowd to bee
The ſeate; or foote-ſtoole of that Company.
And *Æolus* before hee will ſet free
The wynde his Tenant, ſayes, now goe and flee
Ore flowry-gardens, bruſh the vernant *Meades*
And ſweeteſt walkes, were faireſt beauty treades:

Yea

Yea ranſacke natures *Wardrope* for perfumes,
More pretious then the choyſeſt dame conſumes.
Then gently breath upon that lovely trayne,
That are a tripping on the ſollow playne.
For now vnleſſe my kallender doe lie,
Since fayre *Dyana* and her companie,
Did trace theiſe ſpacious plaines Bright *Phœbus* Carre
Hath runne from *Piſces*, to the watry Starre:
From thence to *Leo*, for tis juſt the day,
That was appoynted for to daunce and play.
That day which to poſterity ſhall ſhine
In *Almanackes*, writ, with a *Rubricke-line*,
In which dayes prayſe, the *Siſters* that doe ſing
In pale *Pyrene*, and *Heliconian Spring*
Doe drinke of: ſhall compoſe more witty layes
Then ere were heard of in old *Orpheus* dayes.
Their chiefe Muſitians ſhall indite a ſtorie,
Which ſhall eternize this dayes, *Founders* glory.
He's a fit ſubject for all *Poets-quills*
That brings *Arcadia* to our *Cotſwold-hills*.
Me thinkes each Creatur's proud to ſpend his breath
In vindicating this mans name from Death.
The candid winds, as they theſe Downes fly over
Whiſtle the praiſe, of praiſe deſerving *Dover*.
Heauens winged Quiriſters doe warble forth
More pleaſant notes, and celebrate his worth
In ſweeteſt Tunes, The till now Sullen Earth
Hath deckt, her Breaſt, with flowers, fit for Mirth,
Faine would ſhee vent, but cauſe ſhee cannot ſpeake
His praiſe, ſhe weepes it, elſe her heart would breake,
For where that Famous valley ſhe ore-lookes,
Runne drilling from her eyes, ſweete ſilver brooks,

 Which

Which when in progreſſe, they ſalute thoſe plaines,
Whoſe large increaſe, yeelds *Wickham* men great gaines,
In honour of the place they Leape on high,
And friske and dance for Ioy they are ſo nigh;
Each lumpiſh pibble-ſtone, they juſtle farre
As who ſhould ſay, bee frolick as wee are.
Then they repine at their ſtreight-lacing ſhore,
Prohibiting their paſſage to his dore.
And to declare that they obliged ſtand,
In ſigne of homage, they ſalute the land:
But when their haſt, hath poſted them from thence
Where his *Tutelars*, keepe their reſidence.
They butt againſt each Nooke, and as they ſwell,
Look backe and cry, for ever, live, farewell.
Then they to *Avoan* blazon out his worth,
And ſhee to *Severne*, *Severne* ſetts it forth
To *Iſis*, who her ſiſter *Thame* implores:
To tell the *Ocean*, and the *Ocean* roares
It to the *World*. So that their is no ground
Where his *Encomions Ecco*, doth not ſound
The *Bacchides*, old *Bacchus*! made to thee,
(Their red-noſe pimple-faced deitie)
Thoſe Feaſts cal'd *Orgia*. And the Matrons chaſt
To *Ceres* celebrate a Nine-dayes feaſt,
Cald firſt-fruits Offerings: To the Queene of May
Cal'd *Flora*, youth did make a Holy-day,
Where Garlands deckt the Temples of the Queene,
And maydens meaſur'd Galliards on the greene;
Th' enſuing age wants *Patrons* to ſupport
Bacchus or *Ceres* Rites; or *Flora's* ſport
Till *DOVER* comes, who *Flora*, Queene of May,
Doth re-inſtall into her holy-day:

He

Hee ſlights the reſt, 'tis ſure, becauſe they bee
The grand Supporters of all Luxurie.
Firſt ſhall the tender Lambes with Tigers dwell,
And feareſull Harts, ſhall lodge with Lions fell,
Firſt ſhall the glorious Starre-beſtudded skie,
Want light, and *Neptunes* regiment be drie;
Firſt ſhall the Courtiers leave their ſweete imbraces,
Ladies to plaſter ore their furrow'd faces;
Firſt ſhee whoſe naſtie breath offends her Love,
Shall ceaſe her mouth to ſweeten with a Glove,
Firſt ſhall *Nyctimene*, that bird of night
To flie at noone take pleaſure and delight,
Ere *Cotſwold* Shipheards on their joynted Reeds
Shall ceaſe to ſing, his Fame-deſerving-deeds;
Who, from their Tombes, wherein they were inthral'd
The ancient dauncing *Druidies* hath cal'd,
Which from the Woods did walke unto the Plaine,
There dance a Iigg, and ſo returne againe.
Let him that dares thy dancing-greene deface,
Be plagu'd as well as *Eriſicthon* was,
Who cauſe he feld thoſe Dancers ſacred tree,
Was pinde with Famine, died in miſerie.
The Ruſtick Swaines ſhall henceforth take delight
To cheate the tedious cold December night
With ſuch ſweet *Sonnets*, as the *Poets* frame
In honor of thy, this daies worke, and name.
Yea, they themſelves, ſo long ſhall ſleepe in mirth
Making of Lambes-wooll on the Winters hearth,
Vntill *Auroraes* ſnowe-white, limbes, they ſpie
Through nights blacke Courtaines, and the night to die.
Thus ſhall they daily ſing, ſit, hatch a laugh,
And to thy Health (brave *Dover*) freely quaffe.

William Durham. Oxon.

A N.

AN ENCOMIASTICK TO HIS worthy Friend Mr. ROBERT DOVER, on his Famous Annuall Aſſemblies at COTSWOLD.

TIME long aſleepe, is now awak'd by thee
Fam'd *Dover*, who began'ſt the pedigree
Of *Cotſwold-sports*, where each *Olimpick* game,
Is parraleld and drawes, freſh breath from *Fame.*
The Racer earſt might tyre, his nimble foote,
And in vnable ſtretches, outward ſhoote
His lung-crackt-breath; the *Wraſtlers* active catch,
And tugging ſinews, often there did match;
The pondrous Bowle (round Embleme of the World)
Strong Armes did throw; as *Iove*, when as he hurl'd
Mountaines gainſt *Typhon*, to whoſe Maſſy fall
The groaning Earth did give a Buriall.
The warre-like Champion, with his powerfull fiſts,
Contended for the Prize, as in our liſts,
Rebated Edges Counterbuffe at Barriers,
An Active ſport to Breathe our braveſt warriers,
Then did the hurling Charriot plough thy Top
Sky fall *Olimpus*, who didſt ſeeme to prop
The pendent heavens, Men ſo ambitious were
Of vertues glory, that where *Sol* ſhone cleere
Sans Clowdes, on thee to gaine the prize, they made
Each five yeeres, five dayes, an Olimpiade,
Where whoſo conquered, gain'd (beſides renowne,
An Olive Garland, as his merrits Crowne.

Thoſe

Cotſwold Games.

Thoſe *Pythean* games which from fell *Pythons* Death
Slaine by *Apollo*, firſt obtain'd a breath:
Came neere *Olimpus Tryumphs*, gave deſert,
A *Laurell wreath*, for acting beſt his part.
And eke an *Apple*, by hands ſacred tane
Out from *Appolloes* high adored *Fame*.
There *Poets* were admir'd and had the prize
Of worth, whoſe *Muſe* towr'd neereſt to the skies.
Nemæan ſports, may then be plac'd next theſe
Which firſt were kept by conquering *Hercules*;
When thoſe fell *Lyons* o'th *Nemæan* wood,
H'ad drown'd in Rivers of their out-let-blood.
Each three yeares *Victor* was with *Smallage* crown'd,
Whoſe pedant leaves, his head enſhadow'd round.
Thoſe *Iſthmian* games, which *Theſeus* did begin,
To ſwelling *Neptune*, with *Pine* circl'd in
Victorious foreheads: Oh moſt famous *Greece*!
That for brave Paſtimes, wert earths Maſter-peece!
Had not our *Engliſh DOVER*, thus out-done
Thy foure games, with his *Cotſwoldian* one;
Where Sheepheards wel-tun'd-pipes with dauncing breath
And trembling fingers, ſeeke a *Laurell* wreath,
While tripping *Nymphes* doe skip about the *Hills*,
And in *Meanders* twyne, vale crowning *Rills*
While Sheepherdeſſes ſing ſweet *Roundelaies*,
In honor of the *Sport*, and thought of *Praiſe*.
Each *Hunts-man* there, with skill and hope brings forth
His beſt bred *Doggs*, to ſhew their ableſt worth:
Acteon nere had ſuch, ſo true, ſo fleet,
Nor ſo well mouth'd, as doe on *Cotſwold* meet.
Theſe better natur'd bee, as doth appeare:
None kill their Maſters, though that ſome bee *Deare*,

Then throwe they in their Couples, and one cry
Of many *Parkes* doe ring about the Skie,
And eccho 'mongſt the *Hills*, while the fear'd *Hare*,
Nor leggs, nor lunges, nor labor beſt doth ſpare,
T'out-ſtretch their fury. Then each *Hunts-man* calls
Vnto his working dogges; at laſt downe falls
The heart-broke *Hare*, and clanging hornes do ſound
Victorious changes on *Cotſwoldian* ground.
The Swallow-footed *Grey-hound* hath the prize,
A ſilver ſtudded Coller; who out-flies
The reſt in lightnings ſpeed, who firſt comes by,
His ſtrayning copes-mates, with celeritie
Turnes his affrighted game, then coates againe
His forward Rivall, on the ſenceleſſe plaine,
And after *Laborinthian* turnes, ſurpriſe
The game, whilſt he, doth pant her *Obſequies*.
Then by and by, ſwift racing *Naggs* contend
Who firſt, ſhall meſſage conqueſt to the end,
Of their appointed courſe. At firſt begin
All equall in their ſteps, and hope to win.
And Fortune hides her favorite from the eye
Of each beholder, and joy'd Ryder, by
Some mile, till one, that ſcorns rivalitie,
Bluſhing at this ſo long Equallitie:
Looſens his hard borne raynes, and then moſt cry,
Proclaiming him the hope of Victory.
The while a ſecond, who no leſſe aſpires,
Repells reports; and tells them they are lyars,
By his out-going ſtretches. And a third
Equalls the formoſt, having ſmartly ſpurr'd.
The reſt with theſe doe ſtrive, till that they come
Within a myle of their deſir'd home.

Then

Then ſome with ſwitches, urge their utmoſt ſpeed,
And others ſpurr's are bath'd, in flanckes that bleed
Out lazie dropps, and through the broached skin,
Is then let out, what reſt, erſt gather'd in.
Whiles one that feares his allmoſt ſinking horſe,
With ſwitch and ſpurre, dooth labour on the courſe.
Away, dame fortune bids the formoſt ride,
Whoſe fleet-naggs heels, throw duſt in ſcornful pride
At thoſe which follow, and doth quicke obey,
His favo'ring miſtris words, who ſpeeds away,
Bending his body as if he did addreſſe,
Vnto her words, his utmoſt thankfullneſſe.
Like halfe-ſhap'd-centaures, all the reſt do ride
Not equalling, but envying the pride
Of fortunes fore-man, who darts by the Poſt,
Like flaſhing lightning: then thoſe, that have Loſt
Both prize and glorie, after him do come,
To magnifie his Tryumphe, too late home.
Amid'ſt theſe ſports in hayrie cottages,
Contents beſt fare and welcome, all doth pleaſe,
While *Homers* Embleme, on his *Harpe* did play
Admired *Raptures* and ſing many a lay,
More full and ſweet, then all the quire of *May.*
Ne're *Cates* ſo ſawc'd that every diſh doth pleaſe,
Yet theſe are ſo, and his ſongs more then theſe,
With ſeeming ſeeing, yet not ſeeing eyes
And ſmiling lipps, all eares, he extaſies;
When as he ſings, and claſps his judging eare,
Vnto his Harpe, on whoſe ſtrings doe appeare,
His fingers dauncing: at whoſe mirth the ſtrings
Ore-joyed, doe eccho, to his voyce that ſings.

Cotſwold Games.

Happy yee Swaines, on whom ſuch Fate doth fall,
To make approache to *DOVERS* feſtivall,
Compare your ſelves with th' old *Theſſalian* Swaines
Amidſt their *Tempe*; or thoſe charming plaines
Of ſweete *Arcadia*'s Sheepheards; for your ſumme
Of happineſſe, out-vies *Elizium*.
In *Cotſwold* Tents, are ſports of all conditions,
The ſtudious game of *Cheſſe* for Polititians
To hammer plotts; and *Iriſh* for probation
Of each man vertue, how to maſter paſſion,
Cent for thoſe *Gentry*, who their ſtates have marr'd,
That Game, befitts them, for they muſt diſcard.
Abroad to Iolly Sheepheards, Bagg pipes play,
Of whom ſome leape, ſome wraſtle for the day,
Some throw the Sledge, and others ſpurne the Barre,
All act a part, which makes them fit for warre.
For theſe moſt noble ſports, poſteritie
Shall conſecrate the living memorie
Of worthy *DOVER*; *Cotſwold's* off-ſpring *Thame*
Shall ſend forth *Heraulds*, to report thy Fame
To ſtranger Nymphes, and Shepheards moſt remote,
And as ſhe on her Chriſtall waves doth floate,
Shall ſing thy Praiſe; and even in *Neptunes* Court,
Where all the nobleſt floods doe make reſort,
Shall tell thy ſtorie, and when there's no more
To tell; greiſe-breaking waves on ſhelfes ſhall roare:
When thy name fades; *Marble*-pillars ſhall
Duſt into nothing: *Spaines Eſcuriall*
Shall bee forgotten; and thoſe flocks and foulds
Of faire fleec'd Sheepe, which beautifie the *Woulds*,
Shall with thoſe teares, ſhowr'd from each Shepheards eye,
Receiye a Surſet, and ſo pinejng die. *William Denny.*

AN

AN EGLOGVE ON THE PALILIA

And Noble Aſſemblies revived on *Cotſwold Hills*, by Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

COLLEN, THENOT.

WHat Clod-pates *Thenot* are our Brittiſh ſwaines?
How lubber-like they loll upon the Plaines,
No life, nor ſpirit in um! Every Clowne,
Soone as hee layes his Hooke and Tarbox downe,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his Layes,
Or nimblie run the windings of the *Maze*,
Now gets a Buſh to roame himſelfe, and ſleepe,
Tis hard to know the Sheepheard from the Sheepe:
And yet me-thinks our *Engliſh* paſtures, bee
As flowery as the Lawnes of *Arcadye*,
Our Virgins blithe, as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
Boaſt purer Aire, nor ſheare a finer fleece.
The. Yet view their out-ſide *Collen*, you would ſay,
They have as much brawne in their necks, as they;
Faire *Tempe* braggs of luſtie Armes, that ſwell
With able ſinews, and might hurle as well
The weightie Sledge; their Leggs, and Thighs of bone,
Great as *Coloßus*, yet their ſtrengths are gone;
They look like yonder man of wood that ſtands
To bound the limits of the Pariſh lands:
Doſt thou ken *Collen*, what the cauſe might bee
Of ſuch a dull, and generall *Lethargie*?
Col. Swaine! with their ſports, their ſoules were tane away,
Till then they all were active; every day

They excerciſ'd to weild their limbes, that now
Are numb'd to every thing, but flaile, and Plowe.
Early in *May* up got the Iolly route,
Cal'd by the Larke, and ſpread the fields aboute
One, for to breath himſelfe, would courſing bee
From this ſame Beech, to yonder Mulberie;
A ſecond leapt, his ſupple nerves to trie,
A third, was practicing his Melodie;
This, a new Iigg was footing; Others were
Buſied at wraſtling, or to throw the Barre;
Ambitious which ſhould beare the bell away,
And kiſſe the Nut-browne-Lady of the Maie:
This ſtirr'd 'um up, a Iolly Swaine was hee,
Whom *Pegg* and *Suſan*, after victory,
Crown'd with a Garland they had made, beſet
With Dazies, Pincks, and many a Violet,
Cow-ſlipp, and Gilliflowre: Rewards though ſmall,
Encourage vertue; But if none at all
Meete her, ſhee languiſheth, and dies, as now,
Where worth's denied the honour of a bough;
And, *Thenot*, This the cauſe I read to bee,
Of ſuch a dull, and generall *Lethargie*:
Then. Ill thrive the Lowt, that did their mirth gaine-ſay,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that tooke thoſe ſports away.
Coll. Some melancholly Swaines, about have gone,
To teach all Zeale, their owne Complection,
Choler, they will admit, ſometimes, I ſee;
But Fleagme, and Sangvine, no Religions bee;
Theſe teach that Dauncing is a *Iezabell*,
And Barley-breake, the ready way to Hell,
The Morrice, *Idolls*; Whitſon-ales can bee
But profane Reliques, of a *Iubillee*:

Theſe in a Zeale, t'expreſſe how much they doe
The Organs hate, have ſilenc'd Bagg-pipes too,
And harmleſſe May-poles, all are rail'd upon,
As if they were the Towers of *Babilon*:
Some thinke not fit, there ſhould be any ſport
I'the Citie, Tis a diſh proper to th' Court;
Mirth not becomes 'um, let the ſawcie ſwaine
Eate Beefe, and Bacon, and goe ſweate againe,
Beſides, what ſport, can in their paſtimes bee
When all, is but rediculous ſopperie.
Teenot. Collen! I once the famous *Spaine* did ſee,
A Nation glorious for her Gravitie,
Yet there an hundred Knights, on warlike Steedes
Did skirmiſh out a fight, arm'd but with Reeds,
At which a Thouſand Ladies Eies did gaze:
Yet was no better, then our Priſon baſe.
What is the Barriers, but a Courtly way
Of our more downe right ſport, the Cvdgell-play?
Foote-ball with us, may bee with them, *Baloone*;
As they at Tilt, ſo wee att *Quiutain* runne,
And thoſe old-paſtimes reliſh beſt with mee,
That have leaſt Art, and moſt Simplicitye.
Collen! They ſay, at Court there is an Art,
To dance a Ladies honor from her hart;
Such wiles, poore Sheepehards know not, all their ſence
Is dull to any thing, but Innocence:
The Country Laſſe, although her Dance bee good,
Stirs not an others *Galliard* in the Blood;
And yet their ſports by ſome contrould have bin,
Who thinke there is no mirth, but what is Sin,
O might I but their harmleſſe Gambolls ſee!
Reſtor'd unto an ancient Libertye,

Where

Where ſpottleſſe daliance traces ore the *Playnes*,
And harmleſſe *Nimphes*, jet it with harmleſſe *Swaynes*.
To ſee an age againe of Innocent Loves,
Twine cloſe as Vines, yet kiſſe, as chaſt as Doves.
Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have ſtrung,
Or tun'd my *Whiſtle*, to the *Mantuan* ſong.
Collen. Then tune thy *Whiſtle* Boy, and ſtring thy Lyre,
That age is come againe, thy brave deſire
Pan hath approv'd; *Dauncing* ſhall be this yeare
Holy, as is the motion of a *Spheare*.
Tenot. Collen! With ſweeter breath *Fame* never blewe
Her ſacred *Trump*, if this good newes bee true? (Lan
Col. Know'ſt thou not *Cotſwold-hils*. *The.* Through all th
No finer *Wooll* runnes through the *Spinſters* hand.
But ſilly *Collen*, ill thou do'ſt devine,
Can'ſt thou miſtake a Bramble, for a *Pine*?
Or thinke this Buſh a *Cedar*? or ſuppoſe
Yon *Hamlet* where to ſleepe; each Sheapheard goes?
In circuit, buildings, people, power, and name
Equalls the *Bow-ſtring'd* by the ſilver *Thame*?
Aſwell thon maieſt, their *Sports*, with ours compare,
As the ſoft wooll of Lambes, with the Goats haire.
Collen. Laſt Evening Lad, I met a noble *Swayne*,
That ſpurr'd his ſpright-full *Palfrey* ore the playne:
His head with Ribbands crown'd, and deck't as gay,
As any Laſſe, upon her Bridall day.
I thought (what eaſie faiths we *Sheepheards* prove?)
This, not the Bull, had beene *Europaes* love.
I ask't the cauſe, they tould mee this was hee,
Whom this dayes Tryumph, crown'd with victory.
Many brave Steeds there were, ſome you ſhould finde
So fleete, as they had bin ſonnes of the winde.

Others

Others with hooſes ſo ſwifte, beate ore the race,
As if ſome Engine ſhot 'um to the place.
So many, and ſo well wing'd Steeds there were,
As all the broode of *Pegaſus* had bin there,
Rider and horſe could not diſtinguiſh'd bee,
Both ſeem'd conjoyn'd, a *Centaures Progeny.*
A numerous troupe they were, yet all ſo light,
Earth never groon'd, no felt 'um in their flight.
Such Royall paſtimes *Cotſwold* mountaines fill,
When Gentle-ſwaines viſit her glorious Hill:
Where with ſuch packs of *Hounds*, they hunting go,
As *Cyrus* never woon'd his *Bugle* too;
Whoſe noiſe is muſicall, and with full cries,
Beat's ore the Field's, and ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing, wiſh'd to leave his *Spheare*;
And call his *Dogge* from heaven, to ſport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall,
So brave a *Dirge*, ſung forth his Funerall.
Not *Syrens* ſweetlier rill, *Hares*, as they flie
Looke backe, as glad to liſten, loth to die.
The. No doubt, but from this brave *Heroicke* fire,
In the more noble hearts, ſparkes of deſire
May warme the colder *Boores*, and emulous ſtriſe,
Give the old mirth, and Innocence a new life;
When thoughts of *Fame*, their quickned ſoules ſhall fill,
At ev'ry glaunce that ſhewes vm *Cotſwold-Hill.*
Coll. There Shepheard, there the ſolem-games bee plaide,
Such as great *Theſus* or *Alcides* made.
Such as *Apollo* wiſhes hee had ſeene,
And *Iove* deſires, had his invention beene,
The *Nemæan* and the *Iſthmian* paſtimes ſtill,
Though dead in *Greece*, ſurviue on *Cotſwold Hill.*

Cotſwold Games.

Then. Happy oh hill! The gentle graces nowe
Shall tripp ore Thine, and leave *Citherons* browe,
Parnaſſus Clift, ſhall ſinke below his ſpring,
And every *Muſe*, ſhall on thy front'let ſing;
The Goddeſſes againe, in ſtrife ſhall bee,
And from Mount *Ida*, make appeale to thee:
Olympus pay thee homage; and in dread,
The aged *Alpes*, ſhall bow his ſnowie head;
Flora with all her ſtore, thy Temples Crowne,
Whoſe height ſhall reach the ſtarres; gods looking downe,
Shall bleſſe the Incence, that thy flowers exhale,
And make thee both a Mountaine, and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy Topp ſhall meete,
And preſſe thyTreſſes with their Od'rous feete,
Whoſe Eyes, when wondring men ſee from afarre,
They'le thinke the heaven and earth of them a ſtarre.
But gentle *Collen* ſay, what god or man
Fame wee for this great worke, *Daphnis*, or *Pan*?
Coll. Daphnis is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
Tell all your Flocks 'tis Ioviall *DOVER'S* deede.
Behold the Shepheards in their Ribbands goe;
And ſhortly, all the Nimphes ſhall weare 'um too;
Amaz'd to ſee ſuch Glorie met together,
Bleſſe *DOVER'S* Pipe, whoſe muſicke call'd 'um hither.
Sport you, my Rams, at ſound of *DOVER'S* name;
Bigg-bellied Ewes, make haſt to bring a Lambe
For *DOVER'S* fould; Goe maides, and Lillies get,
To make him up a glorious Coronet.
Swaines keepe his Holy-day; and each man ſweare
To *Saint* him in the *Shepheards Kalender*.

Thomas Randall. Cant.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY IOVIALL

Good Friend Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his great Inſtauration of his Hunting, and Dauncing At *Cotſwold.*

I Cannot bring my *Muſe* to dropp *Vies*
Twixt *Cotſwold*, and the *Olimpicke* exerciſe:
But I can tell thee *Dover*, how thy *Games*
Renew the Clories of our bleſſed *Ieames:*
How they doe keepe alive his memorie;
With the *Glad Countrey*, and *Poſteritie:*
How they advance, true Love, and neighbourhood,
And doe both *Church*, and Common-wealth the good,
In ſpite of *Hipocrites*, who are the worſt
Of Subjects; Let ſuch envie, till they burſt.

Ben. Iohnſon.

TO HIS MVCH HONOVRED VNCLE

Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his Brave Aſſemblies upon COTSWOLD.

COme fellow Swaines, a while your flocks reſigne
To the protection of great *Pan* divine;
And let them wander where they liſt to ſtraie,
Wee will unite them, when the glorious daie
Is turn'd to darkneſſe; and the welcome night
Comes to refreſh each ſad, and tired wight

Cotſwold Games.

With pleaſant ſleepe, *Encomions* let us frame
In his due praiſe, that each *Olmpick* game
Hath Paralel'd, and made our Hills the *Scene*
Where all his manly Paſtimes acted beene.
Loe! where a cry of well-mouth'd-hounde; which paſſe
Actæons kennell, worke upon the Graſſe
To catch the *Hare*, who flies through untract wayes,
For to prolong the period of her dayes:
But 'tis her fate, to bee in pieces torne
By thoſe that follow, which refreſhment ſcorne
Till ſhee be dead, and all the *Hunters* come,
With *Hornes* to ſing, her *Epicedium*.
See how the Swallow-footed *Grey-hounds* watch
The ſtarting of the *Hare*, and thinke to catch
Her in their chapps, ere ſhee her leggs can finde,
To ſcape their furie; but ſh' out-goes the winde,
And is perſude as faſt, till want of breath
Make her ſubmit unto moſt certaine death.
Loe! where the Racer mounted on a ſteed
As ſwift as *Pegaſus*, or a fatall Reed
Shot from a *Scythians* bow; expecteth when
The ſignall ſhall be giv'n, by certaine men
Thereto appointed, that hee may begin
His ſpeedy race, and laboureth more to win
The name of Victor, then hee doth the Caſtle,
Though made of Silver. There the young men wraſtle,
And throw the ſledge, and ſpurne the heavy barre
As did the *Romanes* in the field of warre.
In the circumfrence of that pop'lous ring,
Youths intermixt with maides, to memorie bring
The dauncing of the auncient *Druides*;
And *Nimphs*, the which, compared unto theſe,

Woul

Would raiſe diriſion; They did rudely move;
But theſe as truely, as the Spheares above.
Noble reſtorer of th' *Olympick* Game
Vnto its former honour; endleſſe fame
Shall crowne thy well-ment actions with applauſe,
And keepe thee from *Oblivions* envi'de Iawes:
And when to *Calis*; wee dry-ſhood may paſſe over
Without a Barke, or ſhip, thy Praiſe (brave *Dover*)
Shall be forgotten; or when *Cotſwold* lies
As proſtrate, as the Valies, to the skies,
Fame with her Trumpe, hath ſo proclaim'd thy Praiſe,
That thou ſhalt nere forgotten bee, while Dayes
And nights ſucceede each other; for the Swaines
Shall make thee Patron of their ſheepe, and Plaines,
In ſteed of *Pan*: whereby thy name ſhall be
Like *Ioves*, made happy with *Eternitie*.

Iohn Dover.

TO THE GENEROVS AND NOBLY Minded, Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his Heroick meetings at *Cotſwold*.

SVmmond by Fame (brave *Dover*) I can now
Tell what it was, old *Poets* meant to ſhow
In the faign'd Stories of their *Pegaſus*
Muſes and *Mount*, which they have left to vs.
Nor neede wee wonder, ſuch a flow of yeares
Should rowle away, when yet, no light appeares
Since *Prophecyes*; and *Fates Prædictons*
Come to be knowne, and are fulfill'd at once:

So *Delphos* ſpake and in, a miſtick ſould,
Hid that at once, which acted was and tould,
What then was Tip'd by *Pegaſus?* But that
Proud troupe of fiery Courſers, muſtred at
Thy *Cotſwold?* Where like rapid *Spheares* they hurl'd,
Straine for a Salt, the ſeaſoning of the world.
Then the Sagatious hound, at loſſes mute
Alone, ſhewes Natures Logick in purſuite:
But at thy other meeting, hee is blinde
That cannot, *Muſes* and their muſicke finde,
Shewing that pleaſure, would be cold, and dye
Without converſe, and noble harmony,
The Ladyes *Muſes* are; there may you chuſe
A Patroneſſe, each Miſtris, is a *Muſe.*
Nor does *Apolloes* harpe ere ſound more high,
Then when tis vigor'd from a Ladies eye.
Now to compleat the ſtorie. I do ſee
How future times will learne to Title thee.
THAT YOVTH APOLLO: So mount *Helicon*
Will *Cotſwold* prove; which ſhall be fain'd alone:
And ſacred all, unto thy happie name,
That long ſhall dwell in the faire voice of *Fame:*
For great thou muſt be, and as firſt have prize,
Or elſe, as th'exit of old *Propheſies.*

Sic alluſit Ow: Feltham.

TO

TO HIS NOBLE FREIND Mr. *Robert Dover*, upon his brave *Cotſwold* ſolemnities and the Inſcriptions on the ſame.

HONORI PERPETVO.

ACHILLES! happy thrice, in his thrice happy *Acts*,
More happy farr, in that thoſe much renown'd *Facts*
Of his ſtand on record; imortalized ſtill,
By ſacred accent of that ſweet *Meonian* quill,
Great *Alexander* reades, and is with envie blowne,
That ſuch another was not left to blaze his owne.
Ben: Iohnſons ſullen *Muſe* (brave *Dover*) much envies
To vie thy ſports, with that *Olimpicke* Excerciſe:
Nor do I ſtrive to match thee, and thy gentle *Swaines*
Gainſt *Pelius* warlike ſon, and his couragious *traines*,
Much leſſe to ballance there, our fertile Engliſh wits,
With th' other *Grecians*, rare poetique, rapting fits.
Yet queſtionleſſe tis true, that herein ours excell,
Cauſe fain'd actions he, they do truths ſtory tell.
Nor ſhould I flatter thee, if I chance thus proceed
Fam'd *Alexanders* hap was great, thine doth exceed:
For he (though's chieſeſt vote) one Poet could not have
Alive, and therefore tooke dead *Homer* to his grave.
But thy blythe *Genius* doth dull ſpirits ſo awake,
That all our *Iſland* ſtreight turne Poets for thy ſake,
Each ſtriving for to ſet a *Laurell* on thy head,
Whoſe treſſes freſh and greene ſhall live, when thou art dead.
Drayton in marble rocke, initeth forth thy ſtory,
And ſayes, thou haſt veviv'd the golden-ages glory.
Tis needleſſe to guild gold, and yet he doth the ſame
Whil'ſt he enamells thy ſport, by th' *Olimpicke* game.

Denny

Cotſwold Games.

Denny unwinds the Clew of Antique-time againe,
And of the ages paſt, unreeles the ſnarled skaine;
Shewes by ſubſtraction, thou contrived haſt int' one,
Fowre famous *Grecian-games*, nay all of them outgone.
Twenty-petty reaſons *Tom: Randall* doth aſſigne,
To free from obloquie, thoſe frolicke ſports of thine:
Prov's that they ſmoothly ſayle on the full tide of pleaſures,
And yet not treading forth, ſinnes guilefull mazi-meaſures.
But into fierie zeale, firme reaſon will not enter,
And therefore *Truſſell* doth more boldly make adventure,
To ſtop thoſe itching mouthes, and ſeale it with a curſſe;
Denouncing him a *Heathen*, *Iew*, or *Turke*, or worſe,
That gainſt thy harmleſſe ſports, do heedleſſe clamors raiſe?
Nay that them ſeconds not, & crownes thy head with *Bayes*,
Now this forc'd *Durham* leapt t'ymp feathers on thy fame,
From *Severne* vnt' *Iſis*, from *Iſis* unto *Thame*
Vnto the *Ocean* thence, and that with rapting ſound,
Makes *Columns* of the earth to dance with him this round.
Thy nephew *DOVER*, rapt on th' Egle wings of love,
With mounting Eagle layes his egge, ith' lap of *Iove*.
This prov's a ſinging bird, and away flutters ſhee
To chirp thy actions forth, and to eternize thee.
Feltham theſe doubts, which doubtleſſe might have task'd
The *Druyd's* and *Gymnoſophiſts*, had they bin ask'd
Diſolves thoſe Gordian knots, and eaſily he viewes;
The riddle of that Horſe with wings, of mount, of muſe,
Are not *Chimæraes* fond, fained, and lying fixions.
But of thy *Cotſwold-games*, reall, and true predictions.
Thy greatneſſe doth preſage, and with's prophetique quill:
The *Muſes* acceſſe ſhewes unto our *Cotſwold Hill*. (check'
Which ſhould nere, force my *Creed*, had I not bin thu
And taught thus much ſtrang cauſe, by this more ſtrang efect

Fo

For I that (truſt me) ne're climb'd up *Parnaſſus* mount,
Nor ever ſuck't one drop from the *Pierian* fount.
Paſſing by chance one day nigh *Douers Caſtles walles*;
Strangely into my braines a *Poets-fury* falls. (could mowe,
Whence ſtraight way there (me thought) my lay-mans Syth
As full and faire a cropp, as in Fame's-field doth growe.
I could thy paſtimes all, deliver with much eaſe
In verſe, and ſuch verſe too as beſt witts needs muſt pleaſe.
Tell of thy hounds quick ſent, and grey-hounds quicker paces
Watts cunning doubles, and her double cunning mazes.
I could with eaſe thy horſe, and horſe-men, eaſly throw,
As ſwift as thought, more ſwift then ſhafts from *Ruſſian* bow.
Theſe wedded in one cauſe, by a well order'd skill,
Poſt, ſo thy *Poſt*, as with one body, ſo one will.
I could in colours ſet the Roſes glorious ſtammell,
The flowre D'luces rare, and dainty various ammell,
Th' odiferous *Baſill*, nay calculate the birth,
Of all thoſe gorgeous hearbs, that richly diaper the earth.
All which attir'd in their freſh and beſt arraie,
With cleere *Aurora*, helpe to uſher *Dovers* day.
But queſtion it who dares, yet doubleſſe prudent nature,
In fairely portraying forth of various formes and ſtature:
From out her curious ſhoppe, nere formed ſuch a feature,
As is the earth's ſolace, and the heavens ſweeteſt creature.
Woman, the fair'ſt of which, that day, attends thy will;
And might obſervance have from this, my new found skill.
But that prevented heere by a precedent pen,
I'me loth in publique, to turne o're her leaſe agen;
Yet when ſhe liſt command, for her more choyce delighting,
Ile give her one ſweete touch (which ſhe may put in) writing.
But ſure her preſence had, at preſent ſtrooke me mute,
Had not the warbling ſtringes of a well tun'd Lute,

Which retrograds the heavens, nigh mov's the Earth to prance,
And at ſame inſtant, makes our frolick Nimphs to daunce;
Charm'd my attention firſt, and then conjur'd my tongue
To beare ſome one ſmall part in *Dovers* glorious ſong:
But prettie chirping throats of little winged Quiers,
Which ſweetly Eccho, on the next adjoyning Bryers,
The Violls milder notes, and Cornets ſhriller noiſe,
To which the Bagg-pipes ſound, and Tabours, are but toyes,
And witty Tickling tunes, with others 'fore me prattle,
Have drowned my weake voice, and make it ſeeme but tattle:
Therefore my Sonnett I will period; and ſo end,
Whiſpring a word or two in private to my friend.

Achilles name had bin interr'd with him (Brave *Dover*)
Had not queint *Homers* muſe, ſo queintly nam'd it over,
And thou perchance (ſweet ſir!) ſhould'ſt have outliv'd thy fame
Had'ſt thou not chanc'd to find theſe trumpets for the ſame,
Fell Envie might have nip't it, had not they, who can
Severely ſenſure too, as well as praiſe a man,
Extolled thee; but now, feare not auſterer eyes,
Since ſuch have giv'n applauſe to this thine enterprize,
Whoſe words thoſe monuments of Fame on thee can raiſe,
That none can cenſure give, when they doe once but praiſe;
Ile leave no coment, yet I adde this to their Text,
Flatt'ry is gone beyond, and ſlander wants pretext.

ex tempore & ex animo

Francis Izod.

TO

TO THE GREAT INVENTOR AND CHAMpion of the *Engliſh* Olympicks, Pythycks, Nemicks, Iſthmicks; the great Architect, and Inginere of the Famous, and admirable Portable Fabricke of *DOVER CASTLE*, her Ordnance and Artillery, a trve voice of Himſelfe, his Games, Mirth, Fortification.

DOVER! Brave witts have fram'd an Imagerie
Of thee, thy games, ſports, plays, and Chivalrie,
And in their Rimes doe wondrouſly excell,
Making thine auncient feates to paralell
Thee, the inventor; and have caſt it ſoe,
As if this Image did the fiſt out-goe.
Which when I heard, my Muſe it cauſ'd to raiſe,
And bring her mite, to fortefie thy praiſe:
Thinke not to heare thy worth ſet forth by mee,
That art a Ballad of Eternitie;
And may'ſt a myrhor of all Lawyers bee
In thy Profeſſion, for thine honeſtie;
It is a wonder! that I nere could ſee
That creature yet, that ere ſpake ill of thee:
The beſt are glad to gaine thy Companie,
And doe reſort thy houſe moſt frequently:
Did not great *Iove* the cave of *Ida* grace,
And it for ever make of *Fame* a place
By his diſcent: *Wickham* had never bin
A Towne for Gods on Earth t'have lodged in,
Had'ſt thou not eterniz'd it as thy bower,
And made it gheſtly for ſo great a power:

Thy equalls thinke it great felicitie,
When they but dreame of thy ſocietie;
Inferiours, like a God doe thee adore;
Poore wretches, thine aſſiſtance doe implore:
No young, no old, nor virgin, maid, or boy,
But doth at ſight of *DOVER*, gather joy.
His mirth, his games, his engines, pleaſing bee
To every ſort of men, age, ſex, degree.
Diana with her Nimphs did bleſſe his birth,
His Mother, daughter was to Goddeſſe *Mirth*,
Who did him ſwaddle in her Lillie ſmocke,
And Queene of *Fayries* made his cradle rocke;
King *Oberon* did him dandle in his armes,
Pug ſang By-Babie, with delightfull charmes;
His *Nurſe* did breed him in god *Ludus* Court,
And made him Paragon of every ſport,
To rowſe the World, which drooping did begin,
Vntill hee ſet it on a merrie pin.
The Birds doe chirpe ſweet ſongs, both nights and dayes,
To give Invention to his Roundelaies.
I thinke the Piles of graſſe in time will daunce,
As all the horſes, at his hunting praunce,
A jade will mount, and reare, and leape, and neighe,
As if he were worth Twenty pounds that daie:
The heav'ns too's his ſports, doe ſeeme to give conſent
And ſtopp the Cloudes, to crowne his merriment;
For if with Thundrings, and with raine, the *Aire*
Hath all the weeke beene mov'd, that day proves faire.
Hee hath a power to fit all things that bee,
And make them tuneable for melodie.
What Ingineere, or cunning Architect
A Fabricke of ſuch pompe did ere erect?

Cotſwold Games.

I've heard men talk, of *Caſtles* in the *aire*,
Inchanted *Cells*, *Towers*, *Pageants* moſt faire,
Fortifications, *Trophies*, *Theaters*,
Laborinths, *Puppet-workes*, ſtrange *Meteores*,
Of thoſe that have their ſubſtance wholie ſpent
To ſhew their *Puppets* dauncing with content;
Of Egypts *Pharoes* ſtately *glaſen Tower*,
Built by King *Ptolomies* art, magick power,
Of *Cheops*, *Pyramids*; of *Rhodes Coloſſe*,
Of *Ioves Olympick* golden *Ivorie Boſſe*;
Theſe to thy famous workes compar'd, will bee
Of ſmall account; like them in no degree:
The walls of *Babilon* are not built like this,
The Worlds great wonder too't, no wonder is.
If any ſiedge unto this *Caſtle* lay,
Hee doth from thence, it preſently convey:
A wonder 'tis, to ſee a Fort to ſtand,
And be tranſported ſuddainely by land;
No Forraigne might, though of great agilitie,
To take this Fort is of abilitie.
DOVER, ſtrange Monarchs, and their force deſpiſeth,
Hee bowes to none, his *CHARLES* hee onely prizeth;
Hee is Invincible to all, but one;
To's King he yeelds, or elſe hee yeelds to none.
For's Fealtie, when all forts are disbarr'd
Of Battlements, of Gunnes, and Bulwarkes marr'd,
His Caſtle *CHARLES* gives free fruition
Of Powder, Ordnance, all Munition:
Who durſt aſſemble ſuch a Troope as hee,
But might of Inſurrection charged bee;
His Souldiers, though they every one diſcent,
In mindes, in manners, yet his *Merriment*

I've

Ones

Ones them: *Lords*, *Knights*, *Swaines*, *Shepheards*, *Churles* agree,
To crowne his ſports, *Diſcords* make *Harmony*.
Th' *Olimpicks* firſt invented by great *Iove*:
When with the *Titans*, combating hee ſtrove
For victory, and got it. Or by *Hercules*,
When he had vanquiſh't *Auges* king of *Elis*.
The *Pythean*, *Neman*, *Iſthman*, all *Greek-games*,
Trojan or *Roman*, all have loſt their names.
Or elſe obſcurely lurked till thy age,
And fled to *Cotſwold*, for new patronage:
Whoſe *Iove* thou art, *Gytonik-Hercules*,
Wiconick-Preſtes, *Broadwaick-Scyaſtes*.
And if more gods of games Inventors bee:
Thou ſhalt contend with them for maſterie.
And what thou'aſt done when thou art dead & rotten,
Shall out-laſt theirs; and never bee forgotten.
When ſports are ended, then appeare doe free
Tokens of *DOVERS* liberallitie,
His roome will *Zerxes* Armie all containe,
His Tables nere are fill'd with gueſts, the plaine
So ample is, ſo fraught and full of ſtore,
To take ten thouſand times as many more.
His drinke from *Wickham*, reacheth to the *Hill*,
Runns night and day, carrouſe may all their fill.
This *Nectar* never fayles, no god need doubt:
Of upper ſittings, it to quaffe about.
Hee ſpares no coſt, this alſo doth affoorde
To thoſe that ſit at any lower boorde.
None ever hungry from theſe games come home,
Or ere made plaint of viands, or of roome:
Hee all the rancke at night, ſo brave diſmiſſes,
With Ribbands of his favour, and with bliſſes.

If

If thou'lt vouchſafe, a Ribband give to mee,
Ile tak't, as largeſſe, for my *Poeſie.*

NICHOLAVS WALLINGTON.

AN ENCOMIASTICKE TO THE Noble minded Gentleman, his honored friend, Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

MY humble *Muſe* her fainting winges would raiſe,
To ſing the ſtorie of thy games and praiſe:
But ſhe diſtruſts her ſtrength, and feares ſhe might
With downy plumes, attempt to high a flight.
The *Cotſwold ſports*, are taske and ſubject fitt
For higheſt raptures of a *Heaven-borne* witt:
Whoſe choycer ſpirits *Phœbus* ſelfe inſpires,
With pureſt flames, of true *Promethean* fires.
And ſuch theſe ſports, have found, ev'n ſuch whoſe veine
Contemns the baſeneſſe of an humble ſtraine:
Invited by the generall voyce of Fame,
Have blaz'd the honour of brave *DOVERS* name.
And with ſmooth pencill, of their various *Art*,
So to the life have drawne, and limb'd each part:
That my unpolliſh't lines might ſoone deface,
Their maſter-peice, and rob them of due grace.
But may I then be mute? can this excuſe?
The rugged *Poem* of an Art-leſſe *Muſe?*
It may, ſith that to Royalize thy glory:
The world turnes *Chronicle*, and ſpeakes a ſtory,
That when thy better part aſſends the skie,
Shall ſhine example to poſteritie.

If

Fam'd

Cotſwold Games.

Fam'd *Dover* ſtill a freſh applauſe ſhall gaine
In ev'ry age, and life from death obtaine.
Some willing *Genius*, ſhall thy *Manes* beare
To heaven, and fix them in ſome higher *Spheare.*
To which they ſhall add luſtre, influence,
And what's more glorious; each intelligence
Prow'd of that noble object they eſpy,
Shall tune their Orbs', to a new harmony.
Thus ſhall the world in ſpight of death and Fate:
Sing *Cotſwold-games*, an ever-living Date.

Iohn Ballard Oxon.

ON HIS VNPARALELD AND MVCH HONORED freind Mr. *Robert Dover.* Achroſticon.

R enounce me *Muſes* if all *Greece* can bring
O ne *Lireck* worthy, *Dovers* Acts to ſing,
B linde *Homer* dead, whoſe *Rapture*, as't appeares
E terniz'd merrit, to a world of yeares.
R epoſe your toyling Witts then; who would raiſe
T rophies of endleſſe Fame, unto his *Praiſe-*
D eſerving *Honor*; which with Glory ſhall
O ut laſt Times-age, and the Worlds funerall:
V nleſſe in your *Encomions* yee confeſſe,
E ach line yee write detract, each word no leſſe,
R ecording *Dovers* matchleſſe worthineſſe.

Anagr: Mr. *Rob. Dover.* } More du'or better Arts. *I'me ſure then mine, Muſt raiſe his Praiſe, worths onely* Magazine.

ROBRETVS DOVERUS,
Anagramma: *Sic ingenue confitetur,*
DOROBVRETVEBSUS.

To whoſe bleſt name, by ſome Devine Inſtinct, Timotheus Ogle
The Strength and Life *of* Poeſie *is Linck't.*

T

TO THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN and his conſtant true friend, Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his brave aſſemblies upon *Cotſwold.*

WOrld of Conceiptes, thou magazine of ſport,
Quinteſſence of Witt, without whom all amort,
Flat lies the world, Thou natures Symmetrie:
Cabinet of mirth, Deſires Sympathy.

Sol entertaining *Thetis*, never gave
More ſatisfying Solace, then they have
At thy brave Race, invented by thy skill
(Heroick *Dover*) upon *Cotſwold Hill.*

Would heavens delight in any worldly ſport,
Or *Iove* inhabit any earthly Fort.
On *Cotſwold-hills*, all day repaſt they might:
In *Dover-Caſtle*, take repoſe all night.

Pan may goe pipe in barren *Malverne-chace*,
The Fawnes and *Satyres* ſeeke ſome other place.
Cotſwold is now th' Epitomie of mirth:
And joy preſaged erſt, is come to birth.

Olimpicke, *Iſthmicke*, all Yee *Pythicke* playes,
Reſigne your right, let all *Arcadia* praiſe
One *Cotſwold* and preferre, by many odds:
Dover, before your feigned merry gods.

Tempe's a Toy, and what's *Elizium?*
To *Cotſwold* now, a very *Barathrum.*
Summon the world, exenterate old ſtories:
They muſt vaile Bonnet, unto *Dovers* glories.

Heavens Canonize your Saints. Earth will invent
A better Tombe, then ever *Mecha* ment
To *Mahomet*, of Pearle and Adamant:
Materialls of a richer worth they want.

Earth's fabrick be, *Egipts* Pyramids,
On them *Mauſolus* Tombe up to the skies:
To beare his body, till *Iove* deifie
His purer parts, with an eternitie.

This Epitaph his Noble *Vrne* ſhall cover,
COTSWOLDS ETERNIZER, ROBERT DOVER.
Whoſe Anagram by after ages read,
Ecchoes his Fame thus: *O moſt rare! True bred.*

MASTER ROBERT DOVER.

Anagram.

O moſt rare! True bred.

William Ambroſe.

TO THE HEROICK AND GENE-rous minded Gentleman, Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his yearely aſſemblies upon COTSWOLD.

DRaw forth the vivall ſubſtance of your ſpring,
You Siſters nine, and tune your notes to ſing
Some brave *Encomions*, truely to diſcover,
The well deſerved praiſe, of worthy *DOVER*.
Make him to live in ſpight of *Time* and *Death*;
So long, as any mortalls drawe their breath.

That

That after-ages hearing of the merrit,
And true deſart, of *Dovers* matchleſſe ſpirit;
May looſe their ſences, in the winding Maze
Of Admiration, when they heare his praiſe.
Thoſe *Cotſwold-Hills*, from whence his fame doth riſe,
Above the clowdes, up to the ſtarrie skies:
Shall be with old *Olimpus* paralleld.
(Which for brave ſport was never yet excel'd)
For *Dover* now, on *Cotſwold* doth revive,
Each yeare thoſe games, which were but once in five.
One fain'd *Olimpus*, why then ſhould we feare
Theſe *Cotſwold*, to th' *Olimpicke* games compare?
For after ages will ſo well improve it,
That it may be compar'd, nay fam'd above it.
Then ſhall the *Cotſwold* Shepheards roundelays,
Be onely fram'd, to chaunt the Authors praiſe.
And never ſhall brave *Dovers* glorie die:
So long, as *Poets* write a Poeſie.

William Bellas.

TO HIS MVCH RESPECTED
Vncle Mr. *Robert Dover.*

LOv'd *Vncle* I could praiſe you, but I knowe,
Detraction will be ready to undoe,
And ravell out my skaines, ere they can well
Bee ſtretch't upon the Loome: elſe I could tell
As others doe, how you renew the ſtorie,
Of the *Olimpicke* games, adding freſh glorie,
Not to the Victor; but each ſeverall *Vrne*,
That but entomb'd the duſt of him, durſt ſpurne

Olympick duſt; But Ile not vrge your Meed,
In mee, it would be thought for to proceed
Not out of Iudgement, but affection,
Or ſomething that I dream't not on;
But I will love, and cheriſh their thank't paines
That to eternize you with powerfull ſtraines,
Have drench't them in the *Heleconian* Spring,
Thence ſor'd aloft, mounted on *Fam's* bright wing,
And hovering over *Cotſwold*, tun'd their Laies
With all ſweet Harmony, to chant your praiſe;
That I were worthy to aſſiſt theſe Swaines!
But Ile looke on, and Iuſtifie their paines.

Thomas Cole. Oxon

TO THE NOBLE AND FAYRE Aſſemblies, the harmonious concourſe of *Muſes*, and their Ioviall entertainer, my right Generous Friend, Maſter ROBERT DOVER. *upon Cotſwold.*

1.

YOu faire aſſemblies, that renowne
Theſe mountaines with th' Olimpick ſport,
And Siſters ſweete, that make this downe
Parnaſſus like, by your reſort,
Since Shepheards of each neighbour'd Towne,
Enamour'd of your rare report:
Their honours to this meeting bring,
Yee looke your Swaine, his part ſhould ſing.

2. For

2.

For Songs as ſweete, as hallowes deepe,
Deſerves the ſport, whoſe harmeleſſe ends
Are to helpe Nature, life to keepe,
And ſecond Love, in joyning friends,
That neither breakes the looſers ſleepe,
Nor winner home, Triumphing ſends,
Where none, a little gold ſo ſpent,
Nor Time more pretious, need repent.

3.

Where no vaine Card, nor witching dy,
Doth Gamſter ſtrip, of lands, or clothes,
No impious mouth, makes bluſhing sky,
Reverberate with thundring oathes;
Nor Earth's neate face, doth ſlubber'd lie
In foule exceſſe, that nature loathes:
Furies that Maſque, in ſhapes of ſport,
And ſted of lengthning, cut life ſhort.

4.

But where men meet, not for delight
So much, as for delight to meete,
And where to uſe their Paſtime right,
They make it not ſo great, as ſweete,
Where Love, doth more then gaine invite,
Hands part at laſt, as firſt they greete;
And looſers none, where all that's plaid,
With friendſhip won, may not be we weigh'd.

5.

Where horſe not for his price, doth ride,
More than his truth (a match as faire)
And Grey-hound is, for Coller tride,
More then for death of harmeleſſe Hare:

And kennells pack't, that how they cry'd,
Not what they kill'd, men may declare,
For hunters moſt heroyick, are they,
That ſeeke the priſe, and ſhun the prey.

6.

Where bountifull horizons give,
Vs Shepheards leave, that walke on ſoote,
As long to ſee the Leurett live,
As hee that rides with bloodie boote,
Where *Cinthias* horne, and *Floras* ſive,
Give Viletts breath, and Cowſlipps roote,
And Lillies chaſte, by chaſter treades,
Of Damſells, more perfume their Beds.

7.

Brave DOVER, from whoſe Ioviall hand,
Their yearely Life, theſe revells take
In mid'ſt whereof, doth ſhining ſtand,
Thy Caſtle built, for ſolace ſake,
Which is ſo well, with virtue man'd,
That vice, dare no approaches make:
Still may thy ports, all good retaine,
And Ordnance batter all that's vaine.

8.

The Sun, the day will then delay,
Still more to view, thy Troupes ſo ſweete,
The Earth will lay with, carpets gay,
Her boſome, for their gentle feete,
Aprill, and May, ſtrive which of they,
Moſt freſhly ſhall thee yeerely meete:
And learned Nymphs, by *Stower* ſing,
As by the *Pegaſean* Spring.

9. For

9.

For of all honours to thy ſport,
Tis not the leaſt that thou did'ſt chuſe,
To furniſh thy renowned Fort,
With ſtraines of every gentle Muſe,
For by the power of their report,
New ages ſtill, doe old peruſe,
Forbidding Time, or Hate, to kill,
Deeds honeſt, ſav'd by honeſt quill.

10.

Enough of this, the ſlendreſt Oate,
That Mirth hath to your Mountaine brought,
But Muſes juſt, from Shepheards throate,
Except no more then they have taught.
But now if Art will lend a noate,
Where ſhee, has borrowed many a thought,
To Pipe, or Lyre, or Violl ſtrung,
Which others reade; let mee bee ſung.

——— *dulcia ſunt que*
Rarius eveniunt ſolatia ——— William Baſſe.

TO THE YOVTH OF *COTSWOLD*,
On Mr. *Robert Dover*, his annuall meetings.

COme all you lively Swaines,
Come all that haunt the plaines
Of *Cotſwold*, let us bring
Some timely offering:
Firſt *Dovers* Statue fix,
Then Maides, and young-men mix,

And

And whil'ſt you daunce a round,
Let Eccho's ſhrill reſound,
With lowd ſhouts, *This is Hee*
Renues our *Iollitie.*
Then let a Virgin led,
With two Lads, crown his head:
And when the wreath is fitt,
All once more, circle it.
And ſollemnlie proteſt:
To keepe his yearely Feaſt.

By Captaine *Iohn Meneſe.*

TO THE NOBLE DISPOSED LADIES,
and Gentlwomen, aſſembled in Whitſon-weeke,
upon *Cotſwold* at the Revells their reviſed
and continued, by Heroicke
DOVER.

HAd I the Pearles of *Inde*, or gold of *Ophir*,
My duty to your beauties, now ſhould offer
Gems, worthy the acceptance; or if I
Were able to expreſſe ſufficiently
My will, to doe you ſervice, I would ſtrive
In raptures, to tranſcend comparative:
And beyond all degrees Superlative;
Make your beſt glories, the laſt age ſurvive.
But ſince the moſt of my beſt meanes affords,
Not wealth to correſpond my will, nor words
Powerfull enough, your glories to rechaunt,
Vouchſafe mee leave, to wiſh you, what I want.

May

May each object of each ſeverall ſence,
To each particular, you yeeld excellence,
And let each thing, what's ever ſeene, or felt,
Or howſoever taſted, heard, or ſmelt.
Crowne all your paſtime, with that full delight,
Which may exceede, the wiſh of Appetite.
Let thoſe ill motives, which croſſe paſtime, ſcorne,
And pride, be wholy at that time for borne:
And let each one, ſtrive to excell each other,
In love and curtiſie; and the one with th' other,
Ioyne heart and hand, with mutuall conſent,
To ſymbolize, each others merriment.
Then if there may be found, an heaven on earth.
(As nothing can come neerer then trve mirth,
To heavenly joyes) let it be heere; o! never
Let mirth decay; but bee beginning ever.
The Author ſo, and Actors of this *Mirth*,
Shall make *Elizium* viſible on *Earth*.

IOHN TRVSSELL.

TO THE DARLING OF THE *Muſes*, and *Genius* of *Cotſwold*, his honored brother Mr. *Robert Dover*.

ONe boaſt's his love, this man t'expreſſe his skill,
Makes thee the ſubject, of his learned quill:
(*Deere Dover*) whileſt he ſwears, t'advance thy praiſe,
Who had'ſt alone the Art, and power to raiſe
Sad *Niobe*, no more a frozen ſtone,
But dauncing to thy *Mirth*, is frolicke growne.

Tis ſo, and now the ſwarthy Shepheard ſings,
Of loves, and fairy Knights, charmes the ſoft ſtrings
Of ſweete *Alcæus* Lute; the Country Laſſe,
Curles her ſmooth treſſe, then lookes her in the glaſſe
If all be right; can tell unto a haire,
How farre the line will take, and whom, and where:
If *Thenot* be not he; *Collen*, ſhe knowes
Kindles into a flame, when ſhe but blowes.
Thine was this Magick *DOVER*; Time will ſay,
Thou wert the *Amphion*, wonder of this day;
That thus, could'ſt civilize, the untun'd Swaine;
And of rude cords, compoſe ſo ſweet a ſtraine.
Cotſwold, that barren was; and rough before:
Is *Tempe* now become, *Cotſwold* no more.

WILLIAM COLE.

A New-yeares-guift.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MASTER *Robert Dover*, upon his Olimpicke ſports on *Cotſwold Hills*.

I Feare my Muſe (*Brave Dover*) ſhent will bee,
So ſlenderly, for daring ſing of thee.
To ſing of thee, who is it will not aske,
Do'ſt not require, another *Homers* taske?
I never ſaw thy Caſtle, nor thy Hounds,
Nor any part of thoſe *Olimpicke* grounds.
Thy Horſe-hooſe graceth on thy Hunting day:
Wherewith more grac'd, then with ſpangled *May*.

But

But when I ſee thy yearely favour (*Yellow*)
Worne in thy Hunts-mans-cap (the only fellow)
I then doe muſe, why any *Muſe* ſhould bee,
Elſe way imployd, ſave to ſing of thee.
And vow their beſt, for evermore to keepe,
Dover from death, and *Dovers* fame from ſleepe.
Such good decorum, in thy mirth to bee,
In ſuch a concourſe, ſuch a companie:
Such honeſt mirth, and company ſo faire,
No oath's, nor curſſes, to infect the Aire;
No fightings, quarrells (as I heare report)
Makes it more lawfull; Thee admir'd for't.
Could I bring up my *Muſe*, unto my will,
The earth's vaſt ground, I'de with thy praiſes fill.
I'de teach each Nation, in his propper name:
To talke of *Dover*, and his hunting *Game.*
I'de make the *Sarazen*, and *Preſter-Iohn*,
The ancient *Saxon*, and the Spaniſh *Don*
Diſcourſe of thee; and when my lines, they view,
Earneſtly cry; O that we *Dover* Knew.
But ſoft (dull *Muſe*) ſhent thou wilt bee indeed,
The ſubject's loſty, thou had'ſt beſt take heed.
End then and ſay, if that thou had'ſt thy driſt,
Dover ſhould haue, a better *New-yeares-gift.*

Feryman Rutter.

TO MY KIND COSEN, AND NOBLE Friend, Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his ſports upon *Cotſwold.*

THe *Pythean* games, made to *Apolloes* praiſe,
The *Lydeans* vſ'd in the elder dayes,
Whoſe zeale unto that deitie was ſhowne,
In Active ſports, till then, were never knowne,

Cotſwold Games.

The *Grecians* next (a Nation of great *Fame*)
To ſtout *Alcydes* make the *Olimpick* game.
Which Games each Luſtrum, they with great expence
Perform'd with ſtate, and trve Magnificence.
Mycene, and *Argos*, and prow'd *Sparta* hight,
From thence, each Sprightfull Lord, and Active Knight
Went up *Olimpus Mountaine* Top, to try
Who in their *Games* could win the Victory.
Wraſtling, Running, Leaping, were games of Prize,
Courſing with Charriots, a prime exerciſe.
Contention there, with Poetts and Muſitions,
Great emulation 'mongſt the *Rethoritions*;
And crown'd with garland, from the Olive tree
Hee was, in thoſe games, wan the victory.
And to theſe games, came Nations farre and nighe,
From *Phrigia*, *Caria*, and from *Theſſalie*,
From *Licia*, *Styria*, and from *Dacia*,
From *Miſſia*, *Syria*, and from *Ihracia*;
But when thoſe games, the *Grecians* left; they flie,
To eaſe, to Luſt, from Luſt, to Luxury.
Then ſtept the Souldier in, with Conquering Blade,
And in a moment, of *Greece*, Conqueſt made:
Then lay the *Argins* honour in the duſt,
When none but *Phillips* ſonne, *Greece* governe muſt,
Then *Brutus* Grand-ſire, *Pires Eneas*, hee
Reviv'd thoſe games in firtile *Sycilie*,
Amongſt his wearied *Trojans*, then on ſhore,
To ſhew the duty, hee *Anchiſes* bore.
Cloanthus in Boate-rowing, wan the Priſe,
Eurialus through *Niſus* ſubtilties
Gaines the reward in running: and anon,
The Prize in ſhooting, wins *Eurition*:

Eutellus,

Eutellus, hee at *Cæſtus* had the beſt,
In mighty ſtrength ſurpaſſing all the reſt.
Such were the old Worlds ſports; now transferr'd over
Into our *Cotſwold*, by thee, Worthy *DOVER*.
The *Pythian*, *Grecian*, and the *Trojan* playes,
Are hardly match to thoſe, that Thou doeſt raiſe:
Thy ſports are meerely harmeleſſe, ſuch they bee,
Augment the bond of Love, and Vnitie,
And likewiſe are, more warre-like then the old,
Inſtance thy Roaring *Cannons* on the wold,
Which from thy Caſtle, rattle to the skies,
As if *Ioves* Thunder, they did equallize.
Thy Horſe-race, Grey-hound-courſe, hunting, with the reſt,
Are gentile Sports, approved by the beſt;
And laſt; Thy favours which thou giv'ſt away,
Five hundred Gallants weare a Twelve-monthes Day.
For which thy Fame, and thy deſerved Praiſe,
Is chaunted in each Shepheards Roundelayes:
There's not a Bird that warbleth in the ſpring,
But chirps thy glory in his Carolling.
Nymphes, *Fawnes* and *Satyres*, *Theſſaly* have fled,
An pleaſant *Tempe* have abandoned;
Keeping their Revells now on *Cotſwold* downes,
In thy great honour, dauncing Maskes, and Rownes:
Which tunes the ſilvan Queriſters doe ſing,
By *Pan* inſtructed for their Revelling:
Since *Nimphes* and *Fayres* ſtrive to grace thy playes,
I cannot but applaud them in my Layes,
And wiſh to thee all Peace, Ioy, *free* Content
For theſe thy Sports, *and harmeleſſe* Merriment.

Iohn Stratford.

TO THE ETERNIZD FAME OF *Cotſwold Hills*, honoured with thoſe Olimpick Aſſemblies of my worthy Father-in-law, Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

I Know (Renowned Hills) your Tumores ſtrive
To tell the world, That *DOVER* is alive;
(Whoſe name, ſhall proſper to Eternitie:)
And how your Swaines, will leave Poſteritie
Sphære-tuned Sonnets; which his paſtime call,
The Author, of their merry Feſtivall.
I know y'are Fam'd, for Proſpect, wealth, delight,
(Yet *DOVERS* meetings, graceth moſt your ſight;)
You hereby doe poſſeſſe the honour'd names
Of ſweet *Arcadia*, and th' Olimpick Games.
And though your ſtor'd *Tempean* fields with pleaſure
Flow; bringing out of your hidden Treaſure
Neptunes choice darling *Thames*, and Protean *Iſis*;
Theſe honors gain'd by him, of greater price is:
And this augments your glory, that your flocks
You'le deigne to fold, yeelding your breſts and locks
Proſtrate to th' hoffes of his Aire-trampling Naggs,
When they approach (ſummond by's yellow flaggs)
Who is't not ſayes, hearing his pack of Hounds,
(Whoſe ſhrill-mouth'd muſick, ecchoing reſounds)
Apollo or *Diana's* hunting there?
Or ſome great power, ſhot from as high a Spheare:
But why ſtrive I to amplifie your pride
With theſe Applauds, when't cannot be deny'd,

But

But yee are made the Theater of *Iove*,
On which the *Muſes* act a Scene of Love:
Freſh Aprills hunting, and Iunes Roundelayes
Contend (in *Dovers* name) to make your praiſe
Out-ſwell the *Alpes*, or high *Pyrenean* Hills.
And more; two dayes, fore-ſeeing Fate, diſtills
In Kalenders; as Tribute to his name,
The Author of your Glory, *Cotſwold* Fame.
And Time growne old, hereafter poaring on
His day-noates, in his Enchiridion,
Finding perhapps ſome Letters of thy Game
Deleete, with Diamond ſhall re-write the ſame:
And for no place beneath *Ioves* Throne, is fit
T'inſculp't; when any Saint-like ſoule ſhall flit
From hence, to heaven, Let her reflect her Eyne
With the Tranſparant heavenly Chriſtaline,
And there, out of the reach of humane hands,
She ſhall diſcoveer how *Heroe* ſtands.

Thomas Sanford.

A DIALOGVE BETWEENE *TIME* And *Fame*, on Mr. *Dovers* anniverſarie ſports on COTSWOLD.

TIME, FAME.

Time. WHat trumpets ſhrill ſound, fills mine eares?
Fame. Tis Fames,
That brings thee joyfull news (old *Time*) of games,
And princely ſports, ſprang up; tranſcending farre
The *Grecian*, *Roman*, and the emulous *Car-*

thagian

thagian Heroes prowd ſhews, when they moſt
Swolne with their wealth and leaſure, would acoſt
Vulgar applauſe. On *Cotſwold-hills* there meets
A greater troope of Gallants, then *Romes* ſtreets
Ere ſaw in *Pompeys* triumphs: Beauties too
More than *Dianaes* Beavie of *Nimphes* could ſhew,
On their great hunting daies: There in the morne,
When bright *Aurora* peepes, a Bugle horne
The ſummons give, ſtreight thouſands fill the plaines
On ſtately courſers; whoſe rich plumes and maines
Excell th' admired *Bucephalls* there; theſe
Enuying each others pompe, ſtriving to pleaſe
Themſelues and maſters, champe theire ſcorned Lores,
Trample the groaning earth, paying their ſcores
Of Provender in lofty curvetts: Theſe
In their ſwift courſe, beclowd the azure skies
With ſmoake from fierie noſtrills blowne; and flakes
Of fire circle their ſparkling eyes: Earth-quakes
Their Iron-hooſes begett; wherewith they rend
Old *Veſtas* verdant Roabe. The earth they ſend
In *Atomes* to the heaven: there the lowd cry
Of hounds through liquid Aire, doe pierce the skie·
And charmes the liſtning gods; and grey-hounds there
Swifter then lightning, courſe the flying Hare.
This done; a Virgin-crew of matchleſſe choyce,
Nimbly ſet forth, attended with a noyſe
Of muſique ſweet; excelling that of Sphears;
Whoſe well kept Diapazon, raviſh'd theirs
Of all that's ſenſitive. Theſe Nimphes advance
Themſelves, with ſuch a comely grace to daunce;
Each with her Gallant pair'd, that all who ſee
Their cunning motion, and Agillitie,

Are ſtrucke with admiration; thus they ſpend
Their ſportfull time, till th' envious Sun giv's end
To it and day.
Time. This newes revives my blood,
Shakes off my *Iron-coate*; this brings the good
And golden one, my infancie firſt wore:
Nere was this famous *Iſle* honour'd before,
With ſuch brave games, ſince that brave *Heroe* dy'd
The worlds chiefe worthy; and ſtout *Brittons* pryd,
Arthur, with his round of Knights. What's hee
That inſtituts theſe Kingly ſports and glee?
Fame. It is a noble ſoule, joviall, and free
As th' aire, hoſpitable, and wittie.
Well mounted comes he there, attended on
By thouſands of the flower of *Albion*:
Grave as a *Perſian Sophie*, his aſpect
Circled with beames of Reverence, drawes reſpect
From each ſpectator. Noble *DOVER* hight,
Well knowne to all.
Time. Sure he's a worthy Wight!
What is each victors prize?
Fame. No ſmall reward:
A Caſtle; *Dover Caſtle*, whoſe true guard
Speakes in the voyce of angry *Iove*; to foes
Thunder, and lightning: but to friends, it ſhoes
All courteous entertainement.
Time. A guerdion ſure
Worthy the brave *Dover*. DOVER ſhall dure
For ever; For this a Monument Ile build
To him of *Parian Marble*, wrought by well skil'd
And rare Artificers; emboſ'd, and chaſ'd,
'T ſhall be with occidentall gold; quicke haſt

Shall fetch me *Rubies* from the Orient Rocks,
Saphires, all gemms, which *Memnons* mother locks
In her rich cheſt; t'adorne this *Peice*: great *Iove*!
It ſhall ſurpaſſe thy ſtatue plac'd above,
Improv'd *Olimpus*; the worlds third wonder:
And heere laſt (maugre thy clapps of thunder)
While I ſhall live.
Fame. And I will ſound his praiſe,
Through the Earth's Center, to th' antipodes,
Both Poles ſhall ring therewith; and th' axle cracke
To beare its weight: ſo *Dovers* worth ſhall lacke
No helpe of *Fame*; 'tis fitting ſuch as hee
Should ſtill be crown'd with *Immortalitie*.

Robert Griffin.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND Mr. *Dover*, on his ſports upon *Cotſwold Hills*.

WHo's this reneweth the old World? and brings
Tempe to *Cotſwold*? Drawes the ſports of Kings
From farre *Olimpus* hither? Makes the Games
Of *Hide-parke* common: as their Citie Dames?
Drawne in their Hackney-coaches: Heere none paie
(As there) to ſee the follies of the day;
(Nay of the night) committed; And that ſport
Bought dearer by a ſecond: Our reſort
Vpon theſe plaines is better: like the ſpring,
Each in his native habite; where the Ring
Of Countrey Gentiles, and the neighbourhood
Practiſe their ſports (their Emblems) free, and good:
Sports harmeleſſe, where the Hound, and nimble horſe,
Orerunes the quickeſt eye (no maſters purſe.)

Sports

Sports lawfull as their Author (not within
The Statute) warre-like ſports, where the lowd dinn
Of Cannons, drowne the common Peoples cries,
And with their breath and ſmoke, thicken the skies.
Aske you the Authors name? *Dover is hee*
To whom *Fame* ſounds an *Epiphonemy*.

Iohn Cole.

TO THE NOBLE, AND HIS MVCH Reverenced God-father Mr. *Robert Dover*, this Encomiaſtick upon his anniverſarie meetings on *Cotſwold Hills*.

WEre I a Stranger, and had onely paſt
Along the now fam'd *Cotſwold hills*, in haſt,
And view'd your annual ſports, perhapps my Pen
By my conſtrained haſt had, ſilenc'd been;
But ſince I often in theſe paſtimes ſhar'd,
(With which the beſt that *Greece* ere ſaw compar'd,
Are but meere toys;) my tender infant Muſe,
(Tis duty makes her ſpeake, ſhee cannot chuſe)
Weake though ſhee bee, will ſtrive to liſpe a verſe,
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad the univerſe.
Had that brave Huntſ-man, beene ſo highly bleſt,
(Whom chaſt *Diana* bluſt into a beaſt)
As that your deep-mouth'd pack had rang his knell,
Or that his owne had done but halfe ſo well;
H'ad nere made halfe that mone, and in his feares,
Looke backe, in hope to rate them with his teares.
Tis hard to ſay, whether feare had made him flie,
Or joy, to heare this killjng melodie.

Had *Cephalus* his *Lelaps*, which once chac't
That beaſt, which *Venus* ſent, for to lay waſt
The famous *Thebes*; had hee beene halfe ſo fleete,
As are thoſe Grey-hounds, which with feather'd feete,
Fly ore your pleaſant downes, it had not beene;
That after ages, ever ſhould have ſeene
Them turn'd to marble: no, this ſpeed of his
Prevented had a *Metamorphoſis*:
For then had ſurely ſeaz'd the Beaſt upon;
Ere *Iove* could thinke, or turne them into ſtone.
Had former times, ſeene with what nimble pace
Your Courſers poaſted, ore th' undinted face
O'th earth; their breath they never would have ſpent
In prayſing *Alexanders* hackney; nor have ſent
An Embaſſy to begge at *Pernaſſus*,
An Epitaph, for founder'd *Pegaſus*:
No they had learn'd more wit, and kept their praiſe
For theſe unequal'd Prauncers of our dayes.
Had niggard *Tarquin*, bought thoſe precious Bookes
Sibella ſent him by a Hagg (whoſe lookes
Perchance did ſpoile her markets) wee had read
What ſhee of harmeleſſe Mirth's Reſtorer ſed;
Which is your noble ſelfe: whoſe famous deeds
By learned *Poets* pens, and well tund reeds
Of more Ingenious Shepheards ſhall be ſung,
In ſpite of Envies rotten teeth, as long
As *Phœbus* is Heavens Curl'd-pate Chariter,
And Twinckling *Will*, the Northern Waggoner.

Robert Durham.

TO

TO HER MODEST MIRTH-MAKING Friend, Mr. *Robert Dover*, this paſtorall Pipe, by the name of a *Syrinx*, dedicates her ſelfe, with her annexed *Annagrams*.

Imerti Authoris opus.

Τῆς ἐκκλησίας ἁγίᾳ θεραπόδεν φίλαχος.

Dos et Robur verſu.
Rubor et dos verſu.
Robertus Doverus.

Sing, Sing, Sing, Numen. Lumen, Numen, 20
Pretty Lady Nimphs, and all yee young-men; 19
**Mirths deitie: for a laught at his birth, and he will ſmile at his ending:* 18
Ballanced rejecteth. But his merry, merry heart doth inherit 17
Lowdly ecchoed praiſes: nor timerouſly his juſt merrit, 16
For he little valueth the pompious Turk-*like Sopheys* 15
This ſubſideriall rundle: him I deck with Trophies, 14
Which whirryeth his Fame in circuit all over 13
Whoſe nimble motion is like the firſt mover, 12
Heroick, ſpritefull, mirth-making Dover, 11
Above the reſt, my beſt deareſt lover, 10
**(Richeſt favours) friendly befriending.* 9
Showring downe, lovely ſweet kiſſes, 8
With more then humane bliſſes, 7
To whom my rayes give light; 6
Doe deck, every wight, 5
Above the skie, 4
Modeſty, 3
Lady 2 Verus Rober dotes. } *Ana.*
I 1 Robertus Doverus. }

Sirinx ſine ſtatula paſtoricia Conſtans, Ex centum et nonaginta Sillabis.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, Mr. ROBERT *Dover*, on his famous yeerely aſſemblies, upon *Cotſwold*.

TO write thy praiſes, how ſhall I begin
(O *Noble Dover*) who haſt brought us in,
Paſtimes, of which, though we have often read,
Yet nere before, did ſee them practiſed.
Fame makes report, of the Olimpicke games,
The *Iſthmian*, and the *Pithean* likewiſe names:
Of *Roman* Theaters, wherein have beene
All ſorts of ſports, and exerciſes ſeene:
What they can boaſt of, thou haſt made thy owne,
By imitating of the good alone.
For ſome of theirs, were full of barbarous ſtrife:
They tooke away, but thou preſerveſt life.
Societie, the bliſſe of human kinde,
By thee's maintain'd, and exercis'd the minde;
And ſuch thy paſtimes are (the more thy praiſe,)
As may deſerve the Mirtle, and the *Bayes*.
For though ſome of thy ſports, moſt man-like bee,
Yet are they link'd with peace, and modeſtie.
Here all in th' one, and ſelfe-ſame ſpheare do move,
Nor ſtrive ſo much to win by force, as love.
So well the rudeſt, and moſt Ruſticke Swaines,
Are managed, by thy induſtrious paines.
The ableſt wits, ſhall glory to thee raiſe,
And both thy order, and invention praiſe.
Ladyes, delighted with thy pleaſing ſtraines,
Shall laud thee, as they ſolace on the plaines.

And

And greateſt Lords, they ſhall admire to ſee,
Old *Cotſwold* cloth'd, with ſuch varietie.
For when thy ſeverall paſtimes, ſhall be view'd,
Who will not thinke, the golden age renew'd.
The Country laſſes, in the mid'ſt of mirth,
Shall thinke of thee, that gave their pleaſures birth:
Shepeards, thy praiſe ſhall ſing, in well-tun'd verſe;
And even the rvrall Swaines, thy fame rehearſe.
Lords, Ladies, Shepheards, Country people all,
Shall ſpeake in praiſe of DOVERS feſtivall.
And when thou'rt dead, all ſorts of men ſhall ſtrive,
(Although not thee) to keepe thy fame alive. *Iohn Monſon.*

TO THE HEROICK FOVNDER, AND maintainer of *Dover Caſtle.*

RVnne on thy race (brave DOVER) till thou gaine,
The prize from *Royſton*, and *New-market* plaine,
And call from the farr North, the *Brigants* bold,
To doe their Homage, to thy Caſtle hold.
With Hound, and Horſe: ſhoot from thy fiery Fort,
That *Brackley* may ſtrike Sayle, at thy report.
Bannſteed, and *Sarum*, all their glory yeeld
To thy *Olimpicke* ſports, and give the field
To more fam'd *Cotſwold*: where like *Perſines* brave
(The ſonne of *Iove*) who with his horſe foote, gave
A Fountaine to the *Muſes*; thou may'ſt ſtrike
The hills with prowd hooſes, and cauſe the like;
Whoſe devine liquor, may new Poets raiſe
In high ſtrain'd numbers, to record thy praiſe.
But yet thou need'ſt no Poets to rehearſe
Thy praiſes, or to Impe with borrowed verſe

Thy

Thy full-plum'd glory, neither need'ſt thou put
Thy name in Braſſe, nor yet in ſculpture cut
Thy comly vizage, for whil'ſt *Dover-Peere*,
Her horned Clifts, into the Clowds doth reare,
Thy name ſhall flouriſh, though there ſtands a Fort,
That threatens Warr, and thine inviteth ſport:
Yet both ſhall famous bee, to ſeverall ends,
That, to repell foes, thine, to wellcome friends.

Walton Poole.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, Mr. ROBERT *Dover*, concerning his *Dover Caſtle*, and Cotſwold *Olimpicke.*

INgenious *Dover*; did ambition draw
Thy minde, out of the limmits of thy law,
To make a Mountaine, but a monument
For ſhort Corps? or was it thy intent,
That thoſe old hils, ſhould be made young by thee?
And with thy name, ſtrive for eternitie?
Or (tell me) could not ought, thy humor pleaſe,
But the great ſtile, of *Cotſwold* Herculcs
Founder of our *Olimpicks?* Shall I blame
Thy building Caſtles in the Ayre of Fame,
Which will as long ſtand out, as ſhall thoſe Hills,
Againſt times envie, or time-pleaſers wills?
O no, thy Caſtle ſhall exceede as farre,
Th' other *Dovers*, as ſweet peace, doth warre:
Be of more vſe, then Sea-markes, or that hand
Which in croſſe-waies, points to the right by land.
And thoſe two dayes of thine, (perhaps) will ſtir
Some Saints to wrath, thruſt out of Callender.

Thou

Thou mai'ſt lie ſtill, but for ſome Months, thoſe gon,
Thou'lt have thy yeerely Reſurrection.
And when all other dead men, take a Roome
Below, and ſleepe, thou'lt live above thy Tombe.

ROBERTVS DOVERVS.
Anagramma,
RVRSVS VT BEOR DEO.

Tot pecudes cernens, fegetes, tot paſsua montes,
monticula hæc dixit, Iam beor ipſe deo,
DOVERI *aſpexit ludos, & Olimpica clæra,*
dixit, et Ecce, deorurſus, vt ipſe beor.

Richardus Wells.

TO MY LOVING FRIEND Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

SIR,

IT oft falls out (as now it doth to mee)
That he which did intend to travell farre,
And more then his owne native Country ſee:
Falls by the way, into ſome caſuall Iarre,
So ſtayes his Voyage, doth not croſſe the Seaes,
But ſoone returnes, where he may quiet bee,
With his domeſticks, and there take his eaſe.
This is my caſe, though thoſe great witts agree,
That ſing in honour of thy *Cotſwold-Hills*,
And write ſuch lofty ſtraines of Poetry,
As daunts my Pen, to mixe among their quills,
Vntill it gaines a better faculty.
For loth I am that my ill-tuterd lines,
Should by their bad reflects diſparage thee.
And thou too much indulgent to my rimes,

Might let them paſſe, and willingly ore-ſee
That which the world would taxe, Therefore I ſtay
My firſt deſigne, and to thy curteſie,
Make it my ſuite to gaine a longer day,
Vntill my Muſe gets more abilitie;
Then when her wings be Imp'd, and fit to flie,
With thoſe thy Noble friends, Ile come to thee,
And crave my Name may be advanc'd ſo hie,
As to be honor'd with their Companie;
Till then (*Brave Dover*) doe me ſo much grace,
To ſpare for me within thy booke a place.

Your Reall Friend,

WILLIAM FORTHE.

TO Mr. *ROBERT DOVER*, VPON HIS Annuall ſports at *Cotſwold*.

HEare you bad owners, of incloſed grounds,
That have your ſoules as narrow as your bounds;
When you have rob'd the earth of her increaſe,
Stor'd up that fading treaſure, and ſpoke peace
Vnto your wretched thoughts; the barren field
Of *Cotſwold*, and thoſe emulous hills ſhall yeeld
A crop of Honour, unto *Dovers* Name,
Richer than all your ſtacks, or barnes containe.
Shepheards rejoice, tis hee ſhall make you free,
And every yeere proclaime a Iubilee:
He ſhall invite there, many a luſtie Swaine,
To ſtrive in hope of glory, and of gaine:
Pan for his ſake, ſhall often paſſe that way,
And make your Mountaines, his *Arcadia*.

No

No venom'd rott, ſhall cauſe your ſheepe to die,
But all your flocks and folds ſhall multiplie.
For every Ewe, ſhall beare two Lambes a piece,
And every Ramme ſhall weare a ſilver fleece;
The beſt of all their wooll, the deſtinies
Shall chuſe to ſpin out *Dovers* happy dayes.
No more let *Ida* now preſume at all,
To boaſt of *Ioves* theft, or the golden ball,
Nor if the Graces, dauncing on the plaine,
For heere are fairer objects to detaine
The gazers eye: Thouſands upon this greene,
Shall each like *Venus*, and *Adonis* ſeeme;
And yet not one of all that numerous preſſe
Shall feare his death, or hee, her wantonneſſe:
They ſhall be buſied with a better game,
And ſpend their ſtrength in a more virtuous flame:
Heere ſome with wraſtling, ſhall prove maſtery,
Others in hunting try their Chivalrie,
With running, Leaping, throwing of the barre,
And then the Nimphes, each like a moving ſtarre,
Shall dance for priſe, all with their active ſport
Make it like *Mars* his, or like *Cinthia's* court.
Apollo there, ſhall plant his youthfull tree,
And compaſſe Garlands for their victory.
The ground, ſo ſoone as with their feete tis preſt:
Shall with a faire imbroidery be dreſt,
And trees ſhall feele an influence from their heate,
And every Thorne, or Buſh, ſhall Balſam ſweate:
The Ayre ſhall raiſe up Eccho from her den,
Who viewing thee, with as much zeale as when
Shee lov'd *Narciſſus*, ſhall run poaſt to Fame,
And borrow her ſhrill Trumpet to Proclaime

Thy prayſe, whoſe repercuſſive ſounds, ſhall ſtrike
Thoſe playnes enamor'd on thy worth: then like
Lines from the center drawne, ſhall flie from hence,
And fill this Kingdomes whole circumfrence.

Shak: Marmyon.

TO MY KINDE FRIEND, MASTER *Robert Dover*, upon his *Cotſwold* meetings.

I Should much wrong my breeding, ſhould I not
In ſuch a generall reckning pay my ſhot,
And ſend in ſomething too of mine to raiſe
The Piramis, intended to thy praiſe,
Thrice happy Swaine, and well-belov'd, whoſe worth,
So many Poets have labour'd to ſet forth:
Whoſe noble undertakings to report,
Each *Athens*, and the ſeverall *Inns* of *Court*
Have muſter'd up their ſtrength's; in whom doe meete
Men of all Faiths; and ſometimes in one ſheete,
Men of all factions too: ſave that I feare,
Thou wilt not find a Zealous Brother there,
Though as the ſpirit moves, his muſe can runne
All kind of feete; even Satans cloven one:
For know that hee, full of proud thoughts, diſdaines
Such heatheniſh paſtimes, The heroick Games
By thee reſtor'd; And hates both them and thee:
Becauſe you ſavour of Antiquitie:
Nor can his tender Conſcience, but be grieved,
To ſee the old Gods, and Godeſſes revived
In thy diſports; And things there done in fact;
Which Poets did but fayne, and Players act.

But others praiſe thee for it ſuch as know,
Both men and manners, the time paſt and now
Theyſay, that thou wert borne againe to raiſe,
The golden-age; in theſe our *Iron-dayes.*
That thou haſt made thy *Cotſwold* as in hight,
So equall to *Olimpus* in delight.
That neither th' *Iſthman*, nor *Nemean* games,
More manly were nor of ſo faire a fame.
Than on thy Hills more Gallants ſpirits meete,
To courſe the *Hare*; and exerciſe the feete,
Of Horſe and Hound: then in the dayes of yore,
Greece drew together, to aſſault the *Boare.*
That on thy downes, and th' appointed day,
The neighbouring *Nimphes* their beauties doe diſplay:
So glorious and attractive, as would make
Moſt of the Gods, turne Shepheards for their ſake,
That thou aſſembleſt on that famous Plaine;
So many a comely Lad, and beautious Swaine.
That love-ſicke *Gulthia*, once a yeere doth come,
To ſeeke amongſt them, her *Endymion.*
That when the Shepheards, on their *Gitterns* plai's,
And thereto warble out their Roundelaies:
The numerous flocks, that on this Mountaines breede;
To heere their Muſique, doe forget to feede,
That when the Lads, and Laſſes, hand in hand,
Daunce their high Meaſures, thoſe of *Fayrie-land*,
At their next meeting finde, the place more greene,
Then the knowne Circles of the *Elfin-Queene.*
This they relate, and more, and this I muſt,
As men doe newes and Wonders, take on truſt,
Expecting time to ſee that brave reſort:
Which now I onely gueſſe at by report.

Only Ile ad, what I am ſure no man
Is able to diſprove, or if he can
Will goe about it: Thou art he in whom
All the brave *Robins*, meet to make vp one,
Round-Robin, that's thy making, and I trow,
For mirth, thou mai'ſt be *Robin*-good-fellow.
Next *Robin-Redbreſt*, for obſerve thy note:
And never *Robin* had a ſweeter throate.
And as for *Robin-Hoode*; thou'rt *ipſe hee*:
Save that more out-lawes, have bin made by thee.
But Ile no longer on thy prayſes dwell:
Leaſt I be thought to flatter thee; farewell.

R. N.

A CONGRATVLATORY POEM TO My Poeticall and Learned Noble Friends, Compilers of this BOOKE.

I Cannot tell what Plannet rul'd, when I
Firſt undertooke this Mirth, this jollitie;
Nor can I give account to you at all,
How this conceit into my braine did fall,
Or how I durſt aſſemble, call together
Such multitudes of people as come hither,
Whilſt *Greece* frequented active Sports and Playes,
From other men they bore away the prayſe;
Their Common-Wealths did flouriſh; and their Men
Vnmatch'd were for worth and honour then:
But when they once thoſe paſtimes did forſake,
And unto drinking did themſelues betake,

So

So baſe they grew, that at this preſent day
They are not men, but moving lumps of Clay.
I've heard our fine refined Clergie teach
Of the Commandment, it is a breach
To play at any Game, for gaine or coyne;
T'is theft they ſay, mens goods you doe purloyne.
For Beaſts, or Birds, in combat for to fight,
O t'is not lawfull, but a cruell ſight;
One ſilly beaſt another to purſue,
'Gainſt nature is, and fearefull to the view:
And man with man, their activeneſſe to try,
Forbidden is, much harme doth come thereby.
Mix'd dancing is a wicked horrid ſin,
And by the ſame much naughtineſſe hath bin,
That I admire to ſee ſuch learning ſhowne,
That to our Churches Elders were not knowne;
Had we their faith, to credit what they ſay,
We muſt beleeve all Sports are tane away;
Whereby I ſee, in ſtead of active things,
What harme the ſame unto our Nation brings;
The Pipe and Pot, are made the onely priſe
Which all our ſprightfull youth doe exerciſe:
The Meanes and Time, which they therin beſtow,
Is bravely ſpent, and makes a gallant ſhow.
And be it ſo; What is it unto me?
For to repine thereat, were vanitie,
Or goe about to alter Natures courſe
So well approoved, and of ſuch high force;
Yet I was bold, for better recreation,
T'invent theſe ſports, to countercheck that faſhion
And bleſſe the troope that come our ſports to ſee,
With hearty thankes, and friendly courteſie.

I never thought that any one of you,
In written poems would the ſame allow.
Nor did I think, the ſame could ere have wonne,
The generall approbation it hath done;
And much it joyes mee, you of ſuch great Fame,
Have undertaken thus to praiſe the ſame;
Whereby I am much incourag'd, who elſe might
Forbeare the ſame, and give them over quite,
I were ungrate, and might be thought unkind,
Not to give Thanks, where ſo much love I find.
Though ſome of you more ſweetly have expreſt
Your ſelues each way, and ſo excell'd the reſt,
Yet dare I not returne a greater praiſe,
Nor thanke you more for thoſe your wittie Layes;
I muſt eſteeme your love a-like in this,
Make you as one, or elſe I doe amiſſe:
For I beleeve, the weakeſt line you write,
Either it doth, or ſhould your Love recite.
Let thoſe that bee of Melanchollie forme,
And penſive ſpirits, fret themſelues, and ſtorme:
Let ſ[illegible]ing Envie barke, pine, and grow mad:
Let Carping *Momus*, powting bee, and ſad;
And let Content and Mirth all thoſe attend,
That doe all harmeleſſe honeſt ſports defend,

ROBERT DOVER.

A PANE-

A PANEGERICK

To the worthy Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

HAving theſe Panegeries now read over,
To thy perpetuall fame, ſweet Maſter *Dover*:
What Enthuſiaſme? what rapture ſhall I raiſe,
To give to thee thy merrit, and due praiſe?
If any in this quaint and curious age,
Who (allmoſt) from the Cradle, to the Stage,
All fancies bring in rumor; ſhall of thine
Make the leaſt queſtion? know tis his; not mine.
But when *Ben: Iohnſon*, and brave *Draytons* name
Shall be Inſcrib'd; I dare proclaime the ſame
To be a worke ennobled: For who dare
With them (and theſe here intermixt) compare.
Now to the thing it ſelfe: To give account
Who cannot of two-top't *Pernaſſus* mount?
Of *Pindus Hill*; of *Teneriff* ſo high,
Oſſa and *Pelion*? that ſo brave the sky,
That had the *Gyants* but in order laide
The one upon another? They had made
Such an high skale towards heaven, to make *Iove* ceaſe
His claime to Earth, and with man mediate peace.
Olimpus mount, that (even to this day) fills
The world with fame, ſhall to thy *Cotſwold-Hills*
Give place and honour; *Hercules* was firſt
Who theſe brave games begun: thou better nurſt.

Doſt in our *Anniverſe* moſt nobly ſtrive,
To doe in one yeare, what *Hee* did in five.
Go on; go on brave *DOVER*, my *Muſe* too
Shall walke with thee; great *Hercules* out-do.
There is an equall ballance in your fames,
He made the *Olimpick*, thou the *Cotſwold-games*.
And who can ſay is beſt? not I, nor hee,
Of him we have onely heard, but we knowe thee.
Thee (noble *Dover*) Then go on; bee ſtill
The man thou art? and maintaine *Cotſwold-Hill*:
So when thy glaſſe is runne; and ſand is paſt:
Thy name and Fame, ſhall *Hercules* out-laſt.

Thomas Heywood.

In celebration of the yearely Preſerver of the Games at COTSWALD.

HEare me you men of ſtrife! you that have bin,
Long time maintain'd by the dull Peoples ſin,
At *Lyon's*, *Furnifold's*, and *Clement's* Inne!

With huge, o're-comming Mutton, Target-Cheeſe,
Beeſe, that the queaſie ſtomack'd Guard would pleaſe,
And limber Groats, full halfe a Score for Fees.

Heare you Gown'd Lackeys that on both ſides plead:
Whoſe hollow Teeth, are ſtuff'd with others Bread;
Whoſe Tongues will live (ſure) when your ſelves are dead.

Here you *Alcaldos*, whoſe ſterne faces looke,
Worſe than your Pris'ner's that's deny'd his Booke;
Than *Pilat* painted like a ſcalded Cooke.

Liſt

Cotſwold Games.

Liſt all that toyle for pow'r to doe Men wrong,
With penſive Eare, to my prophetick Song!
Whoſe Magick ſayes, your Triumphs hold not long.

The time is come, you on your ſelves ſhall ſit;
Whilſt Children finde (if they endevour it)
Your learning, Chronicle; Clinches, your Wit.

Ere you a Yeare are dead, your Sonnes ſhall watch,
And rore all Night with Ale, in houſe of Thatch;
And ſpend, 'till Swords are worne in Belts of Match.

Whilſt *Dover* * (that his knowledge not Imploy's
T'increaſe his Neighbors Quarrels, but their Joyes;)
Shall in his age; get Money, Girles, and Boyes!

Mony, at *Cotſwald* Games ſhall yearely fly;
Whilſt the Preciſe, and Envious ſhall ſtand by,
And ſee his Min'rall Fountaine never dry.

His Girles, ſhall dowr'-leſſe wed with Heires of birth;
His Boyes, plough London Widowes up like earth:
Whilſt Cotſwald Bards caroll their Nuptiall Mirth!

Dover (the Gentry's Darling) know this flame,
Is but a willing tribute to thy Fame,
Sung by a Poet that conceals his name.

* He was bred an Attorney, who never try'd but two Cauſes, always made up the Difference.

FINIS.